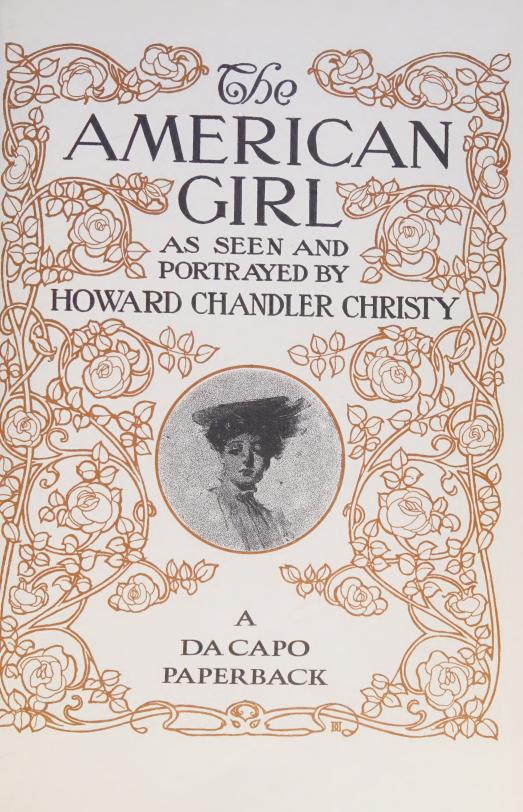


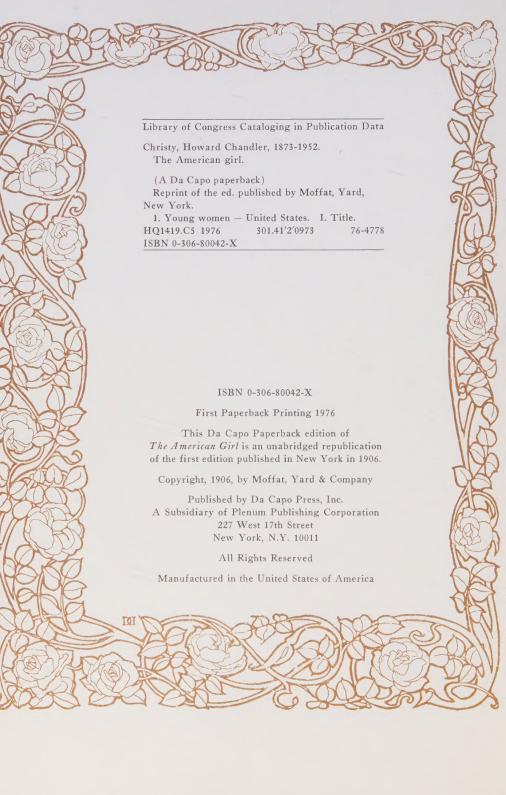
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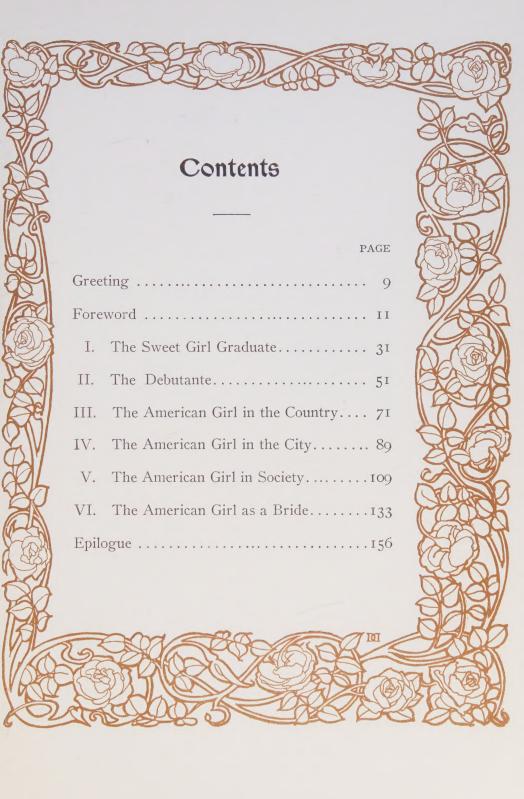


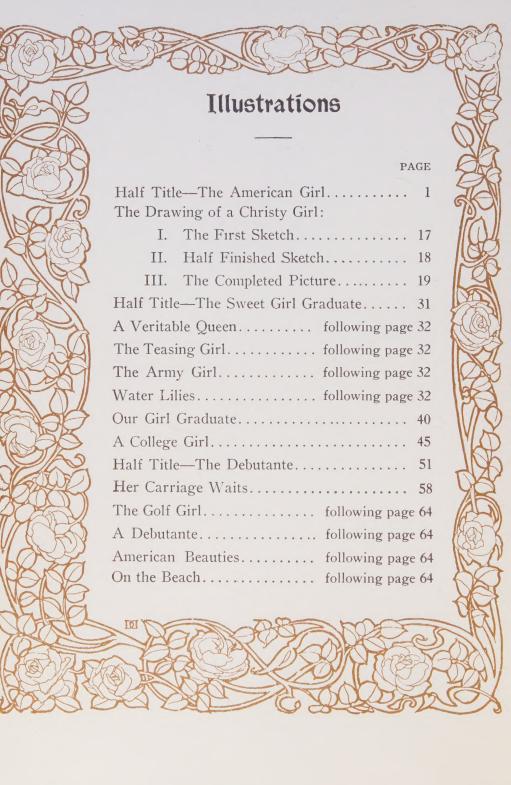
THE AMERICAN GIRL



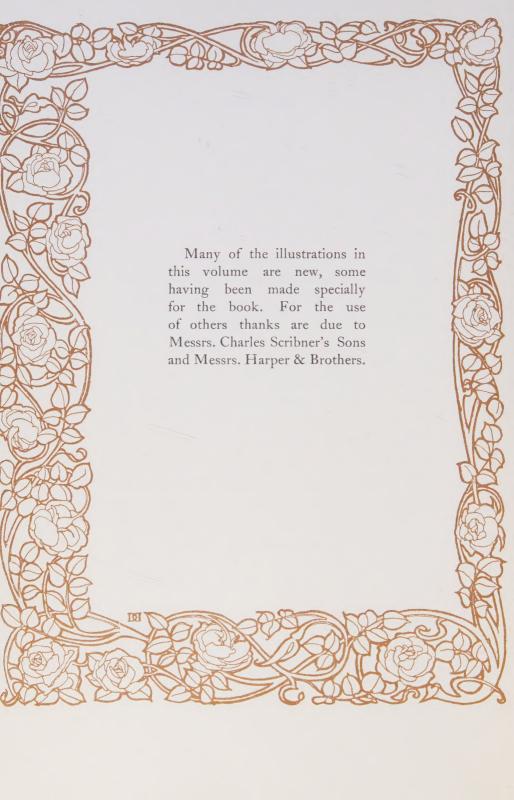


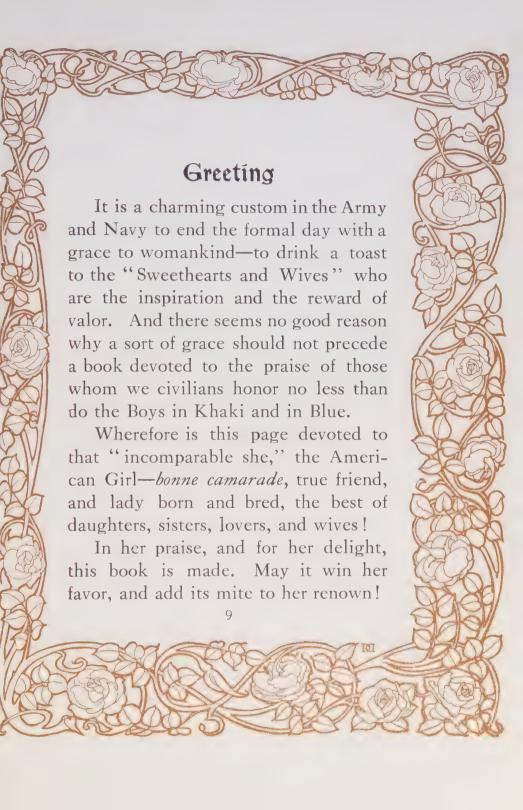




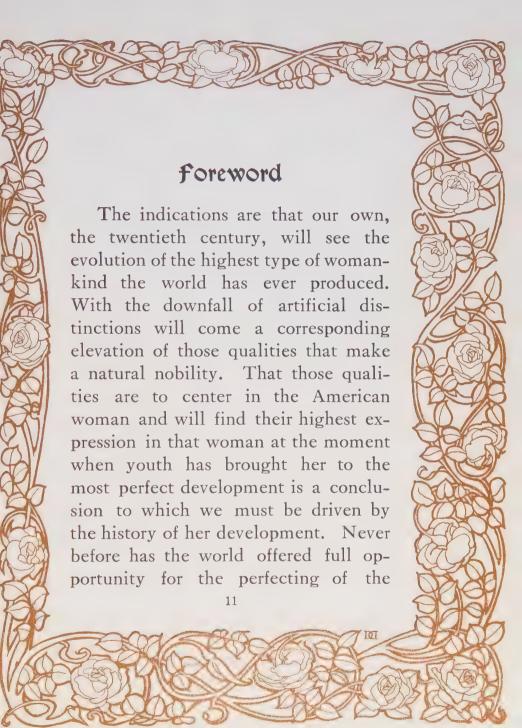


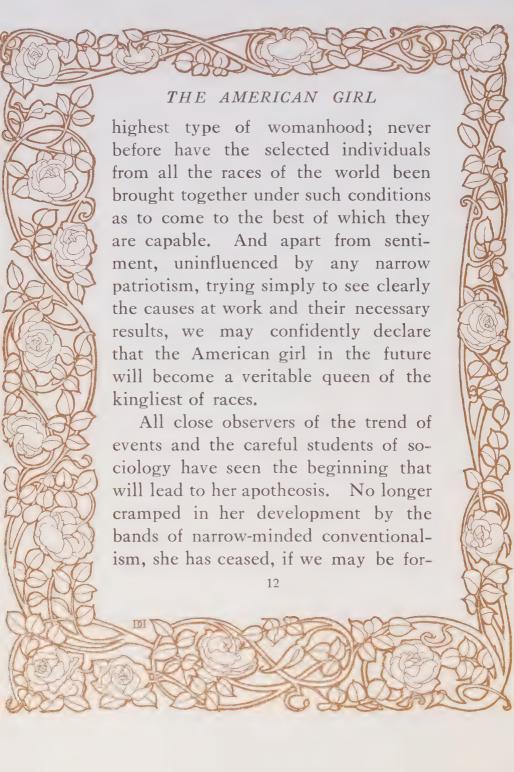
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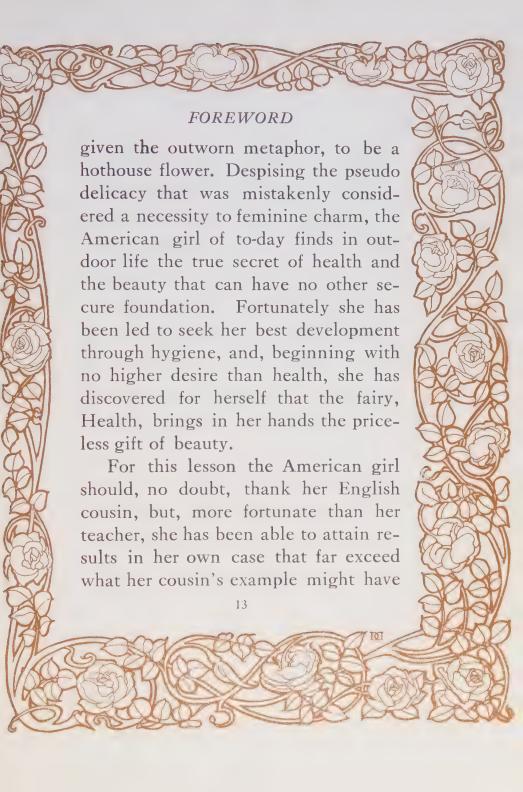


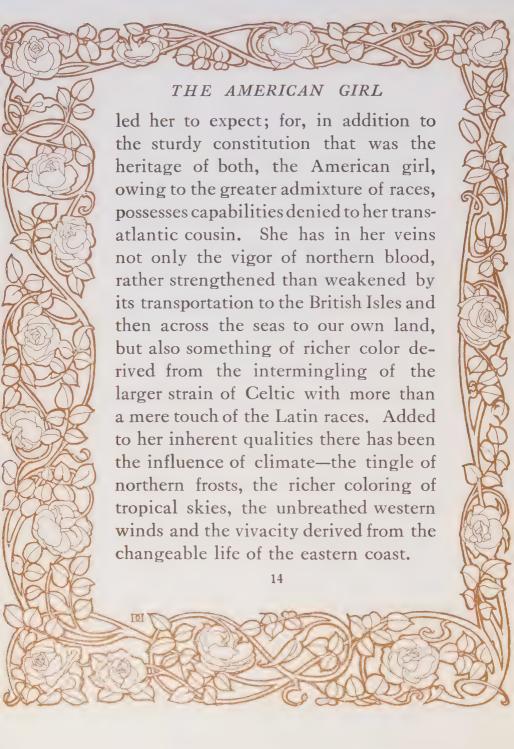


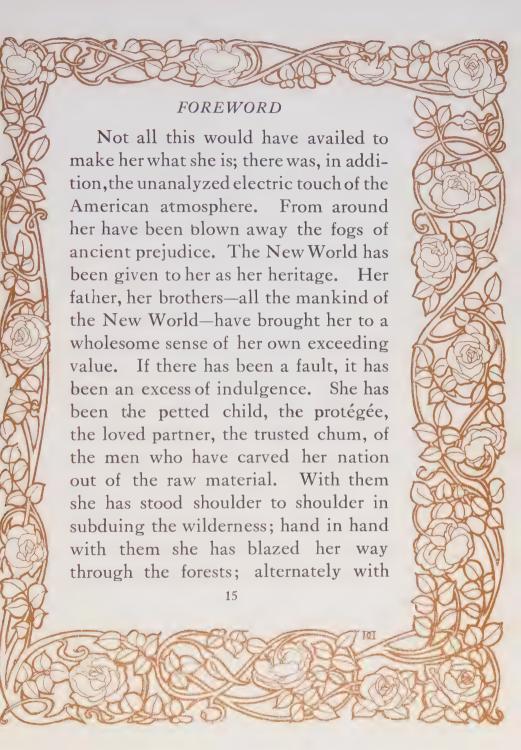


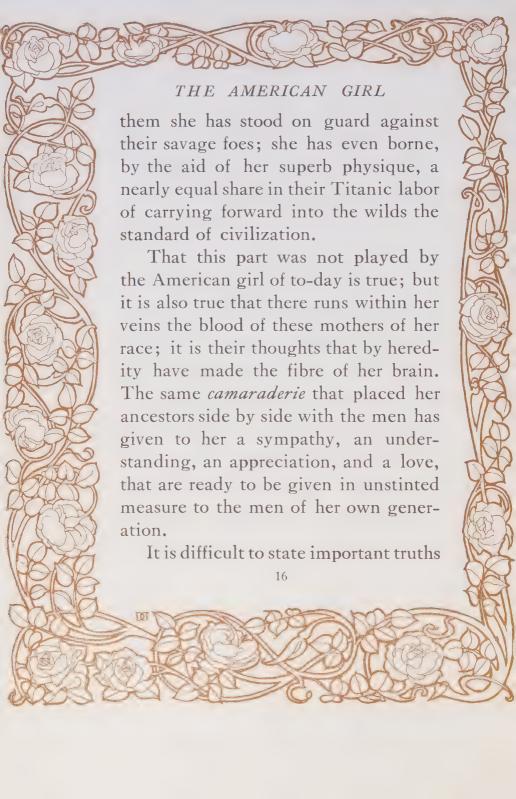


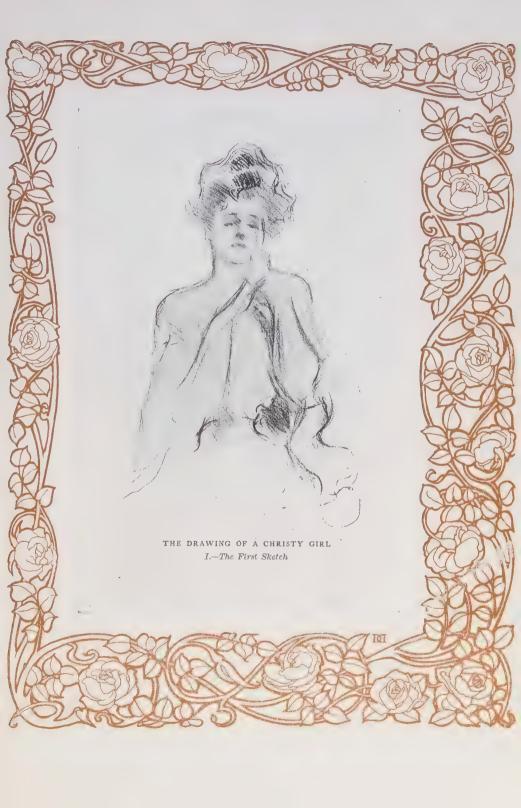






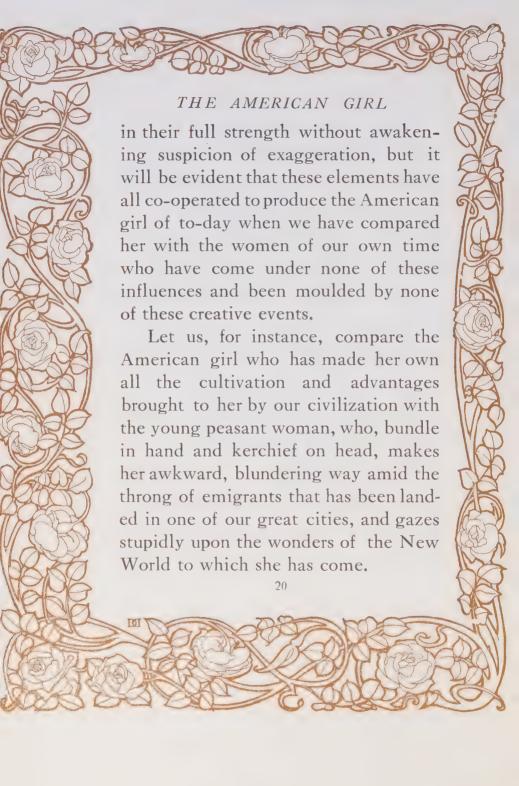


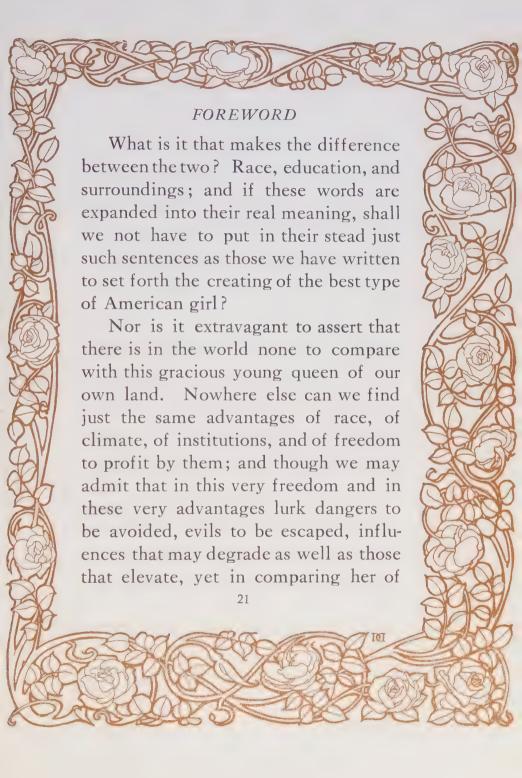


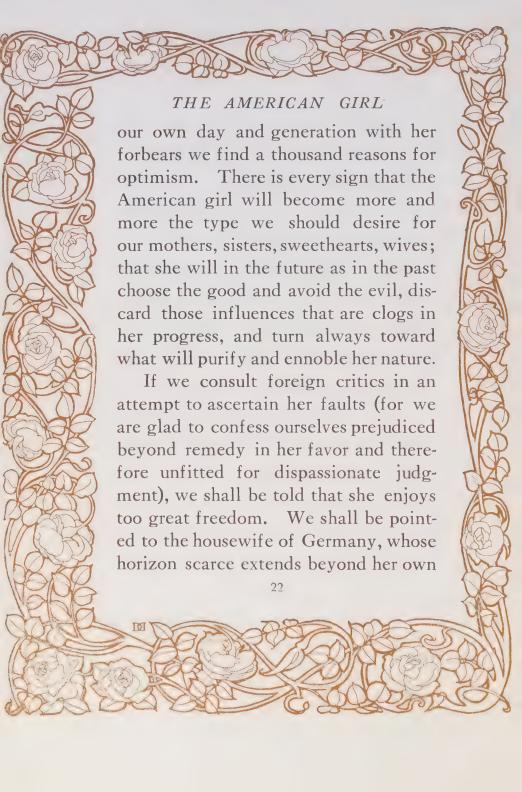


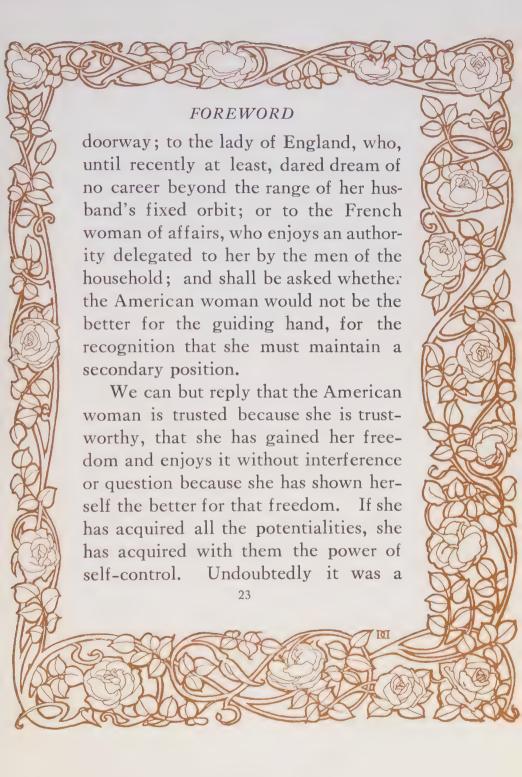


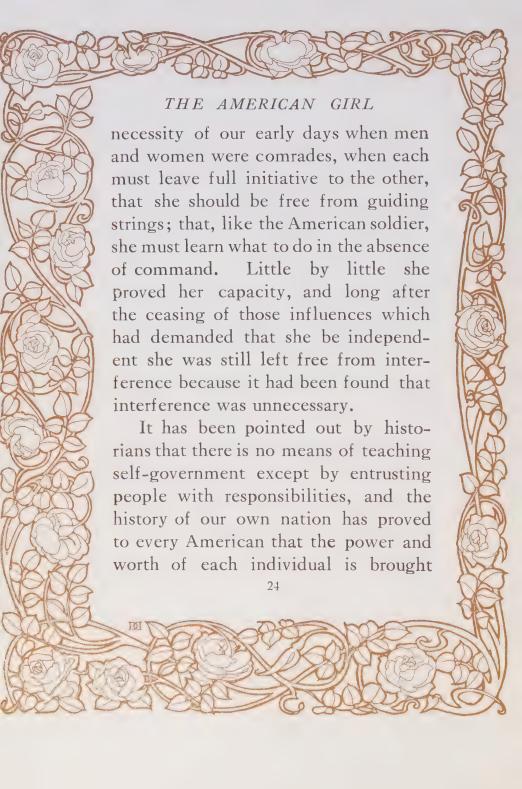


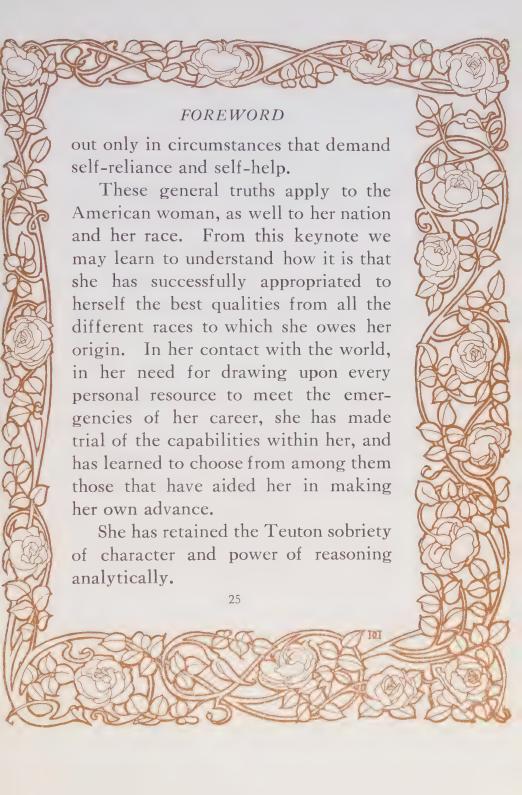


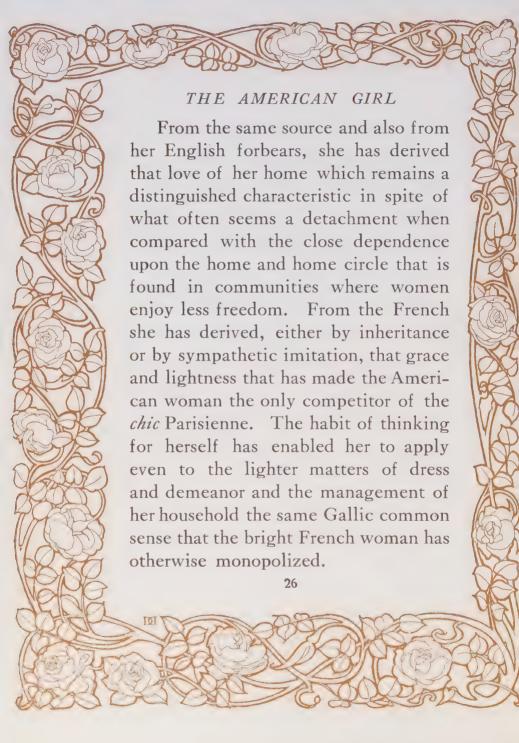


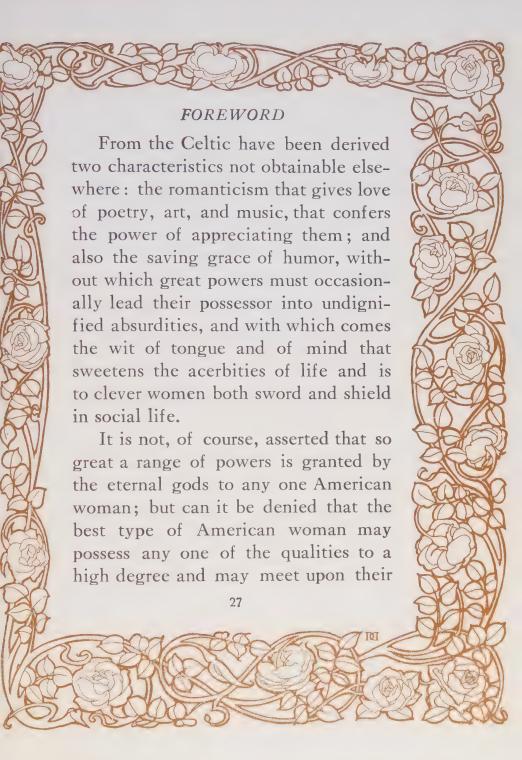


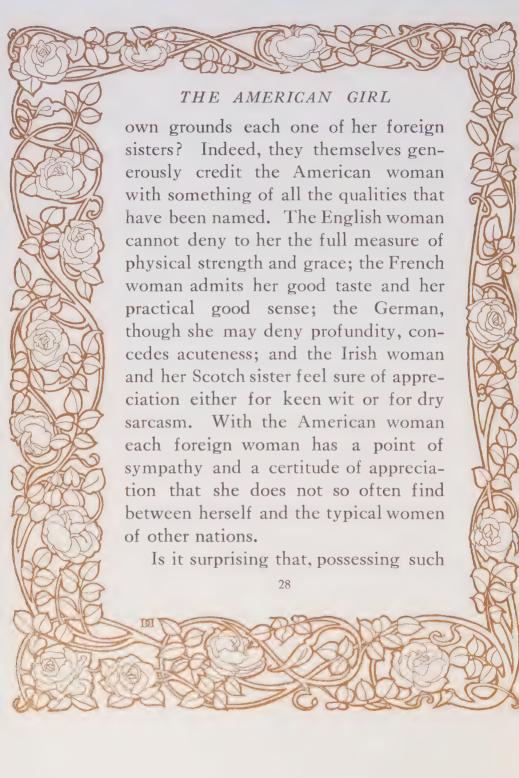


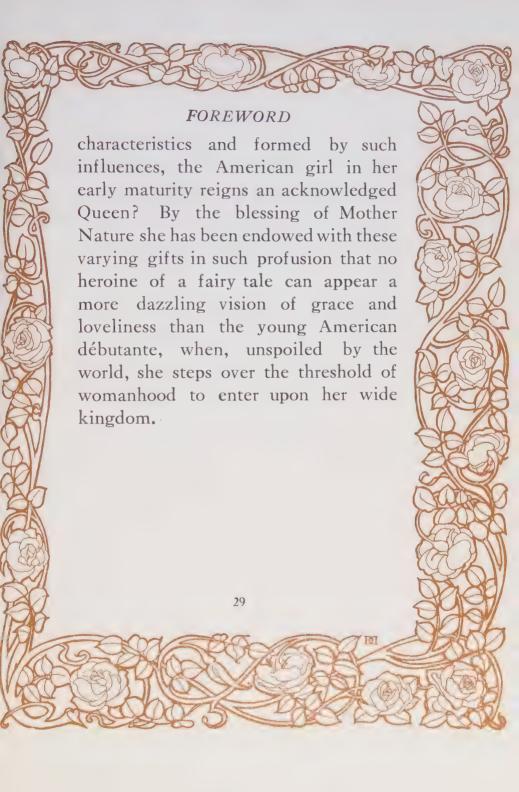
















THE SWEET GIRL GRADUATE





A VERITABLE QUEEN

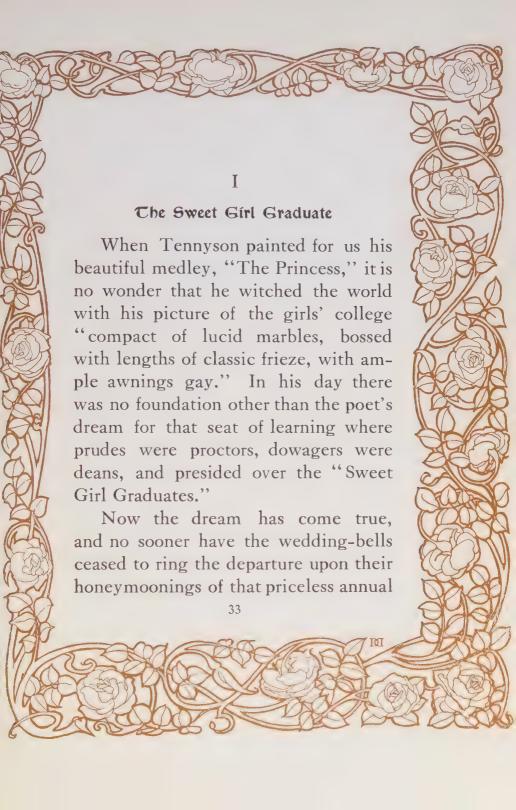


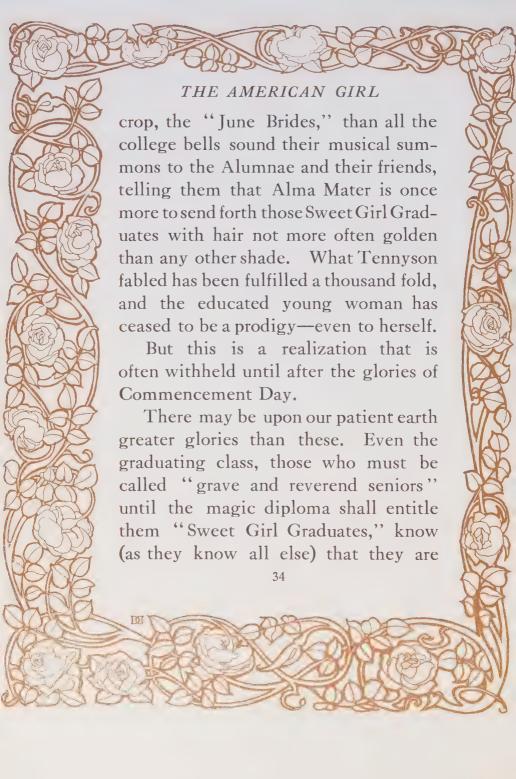
THE TEASING GIRL
MR. CHRISTY'S MOST POPULAR CREATION

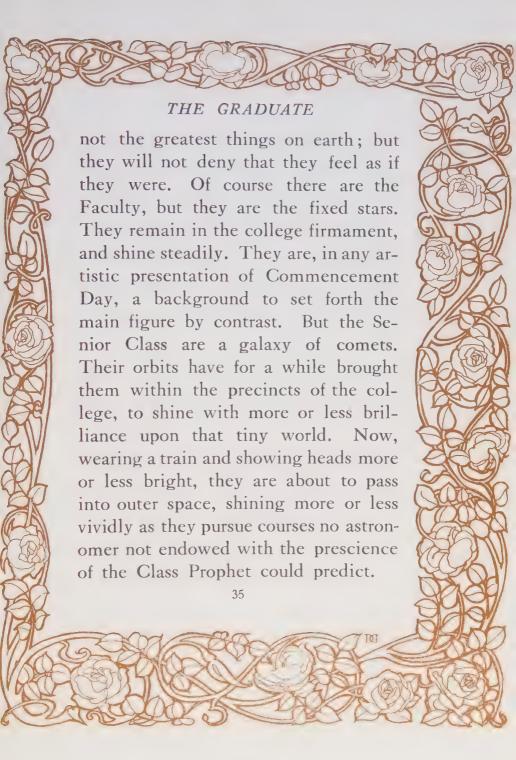


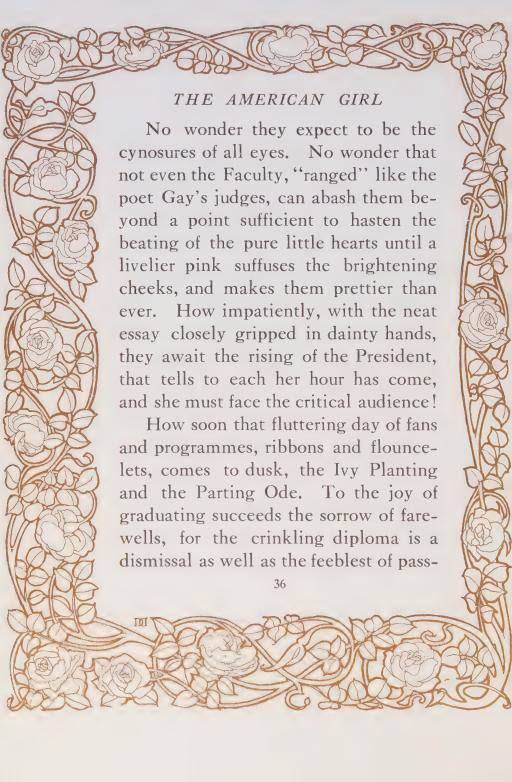
THE ARMY GIRL

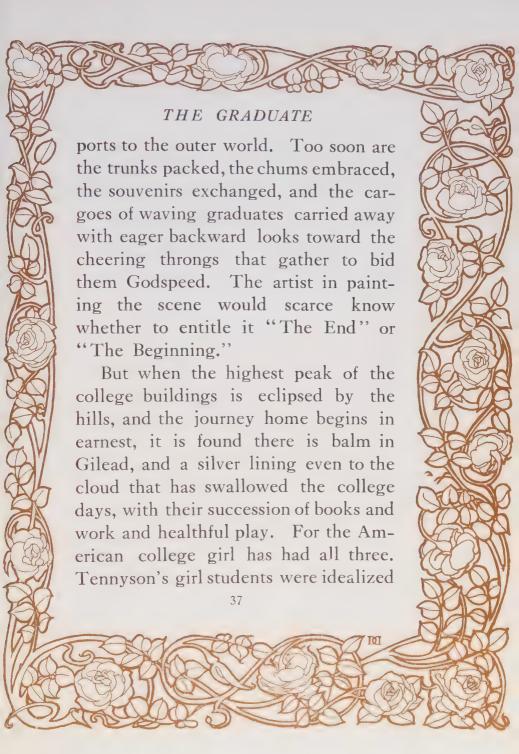


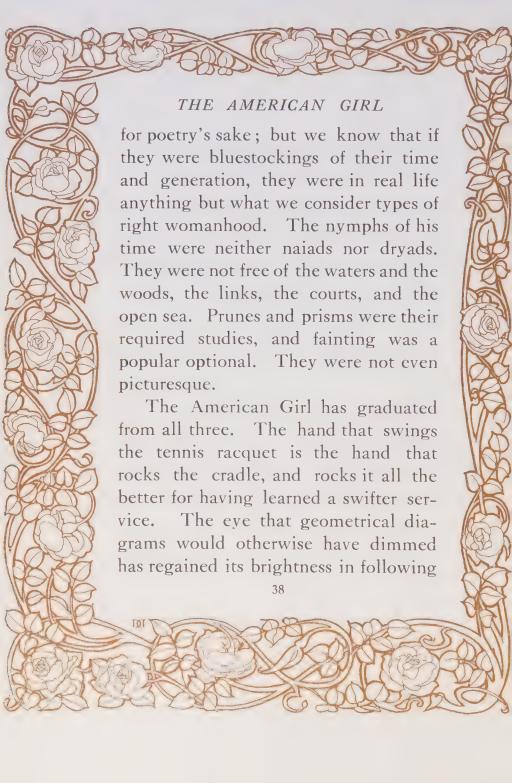


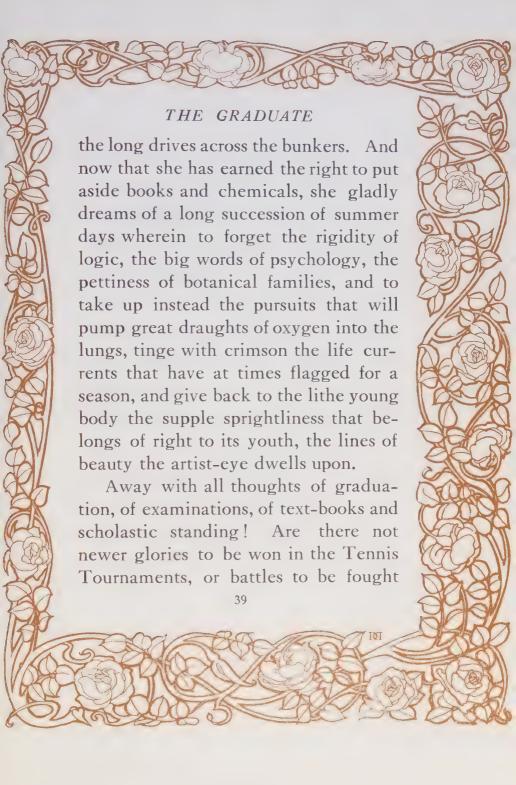




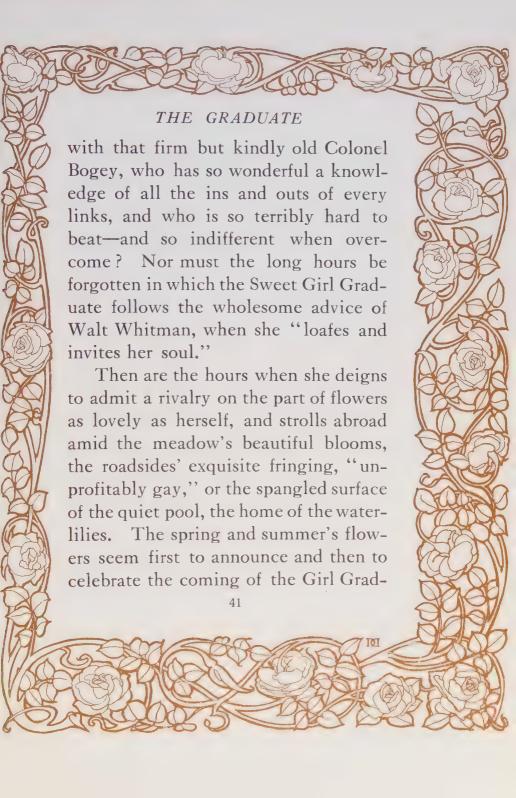


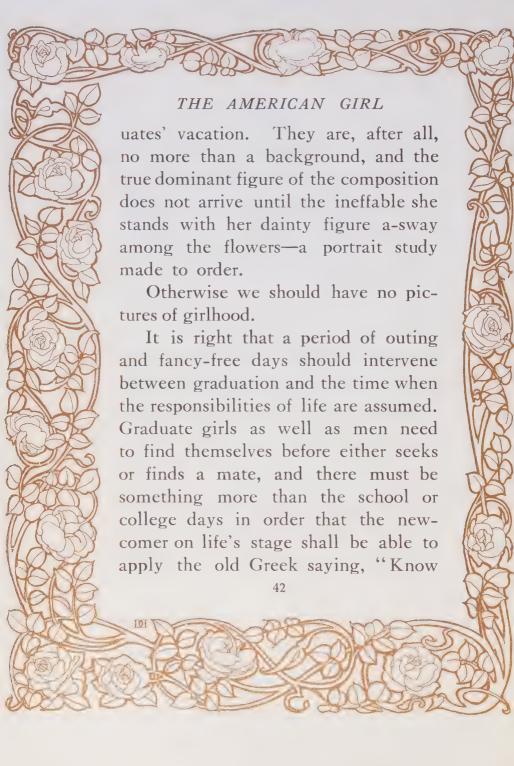


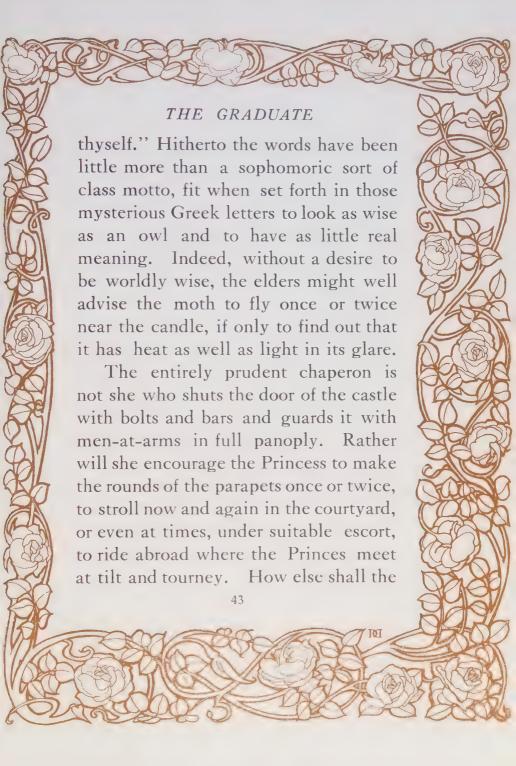


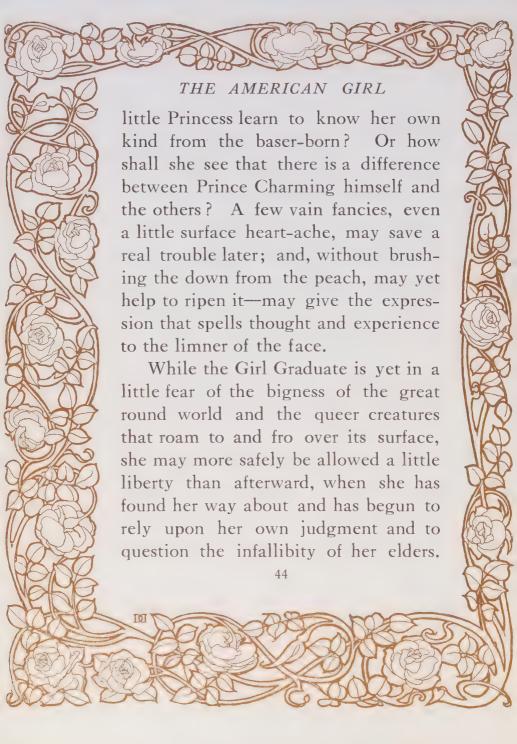


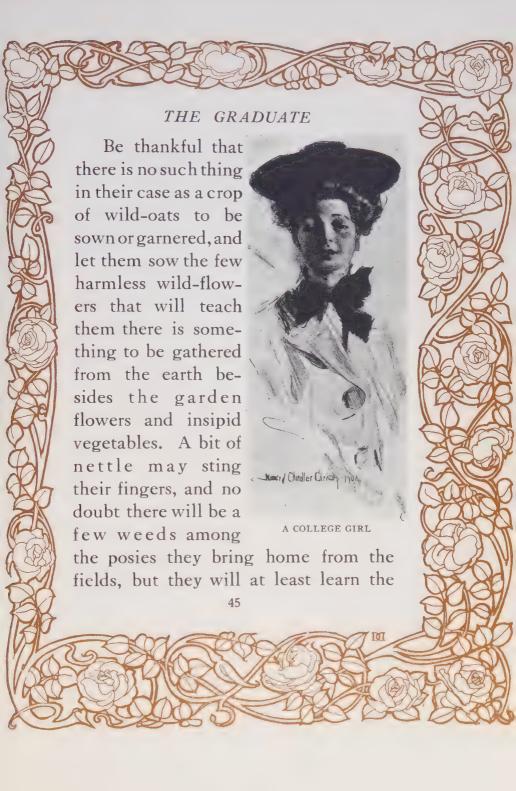


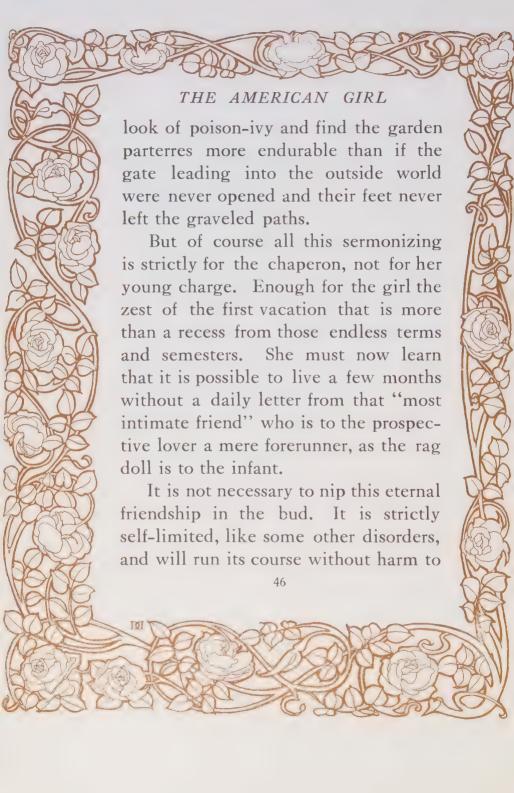


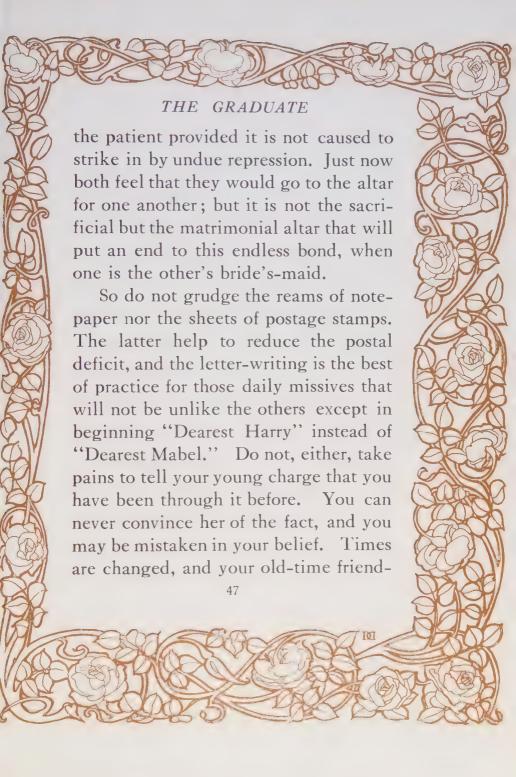


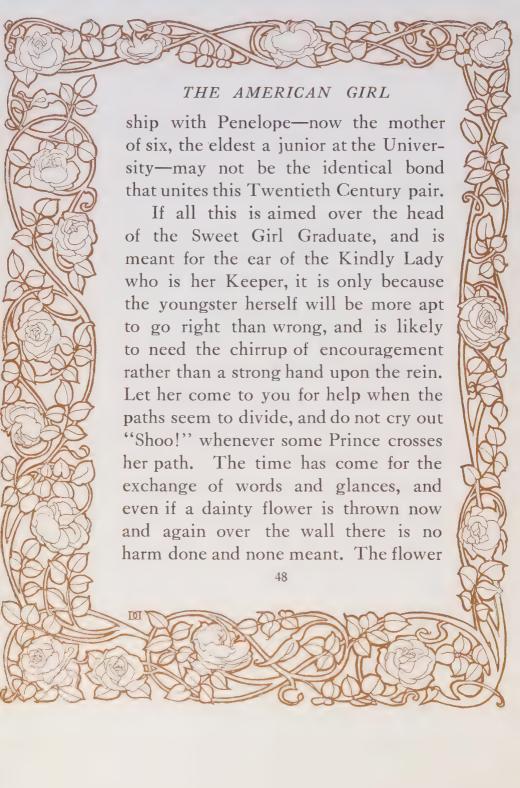


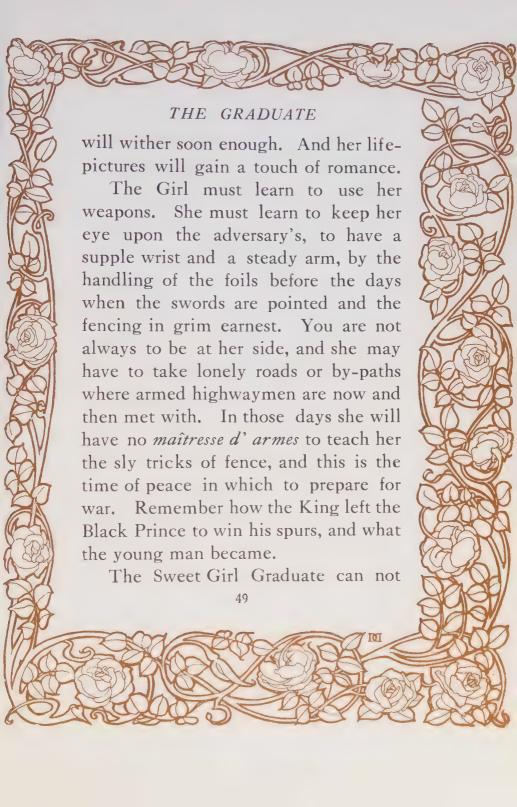


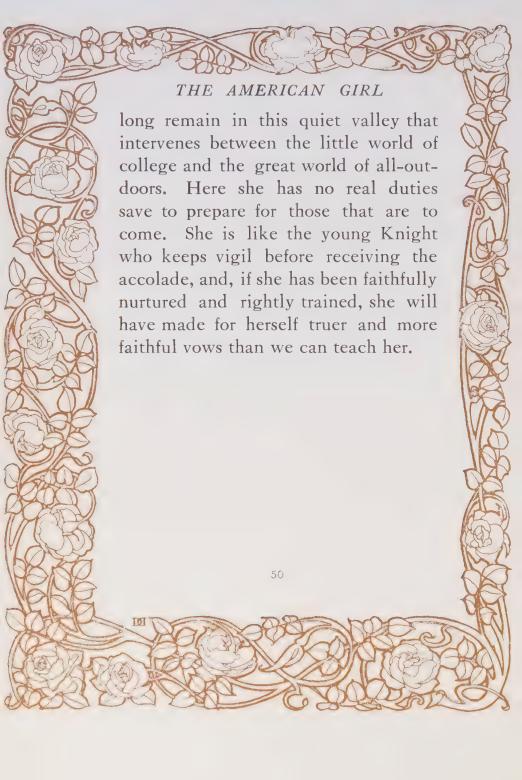








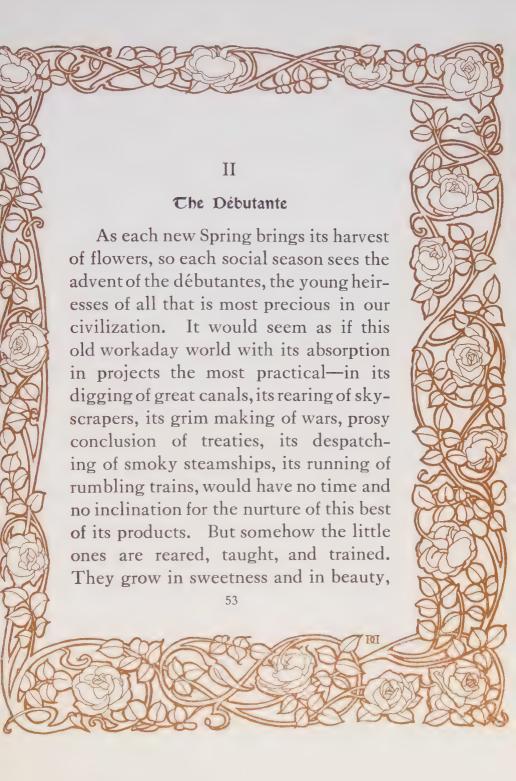


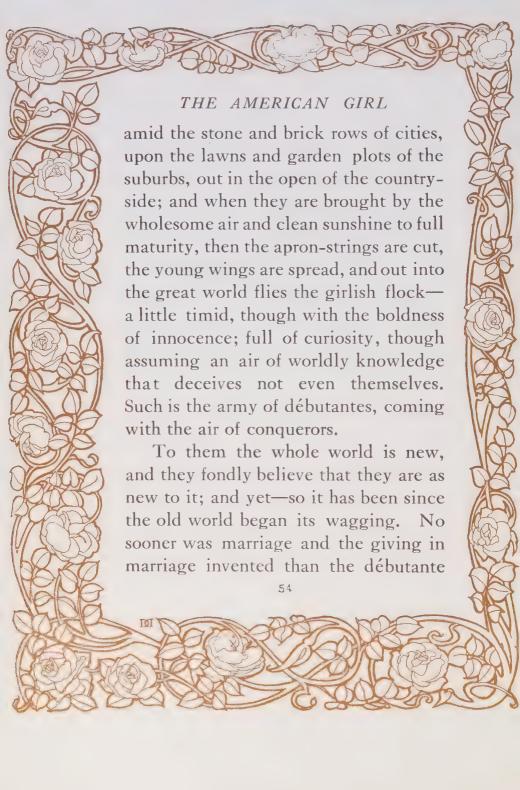


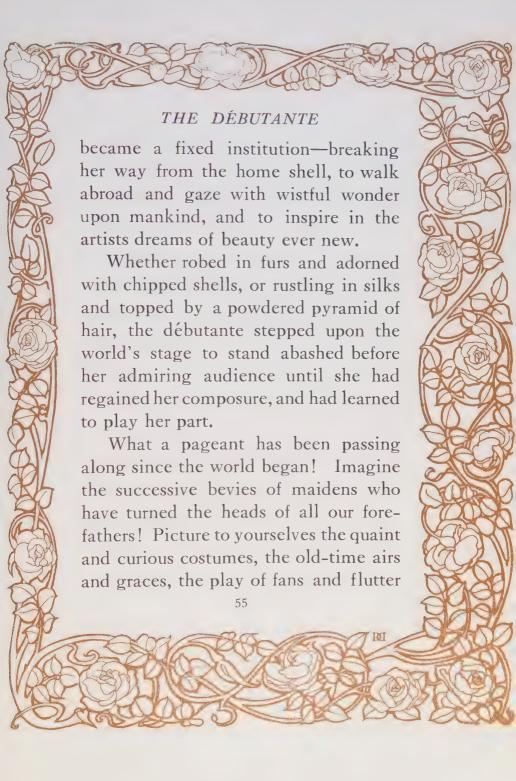


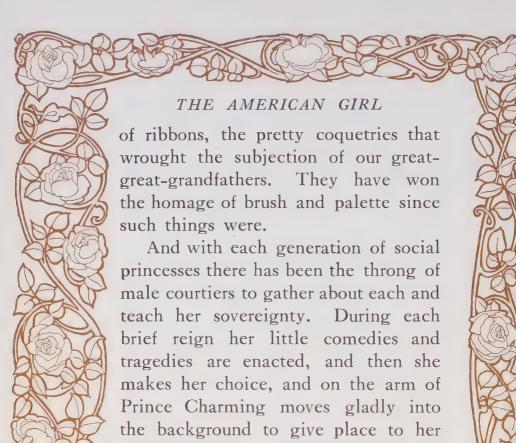
THE DÉBUTANTE





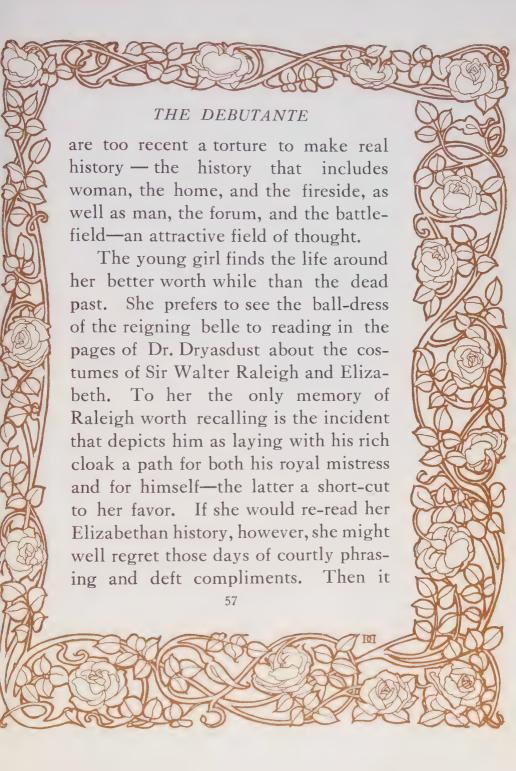


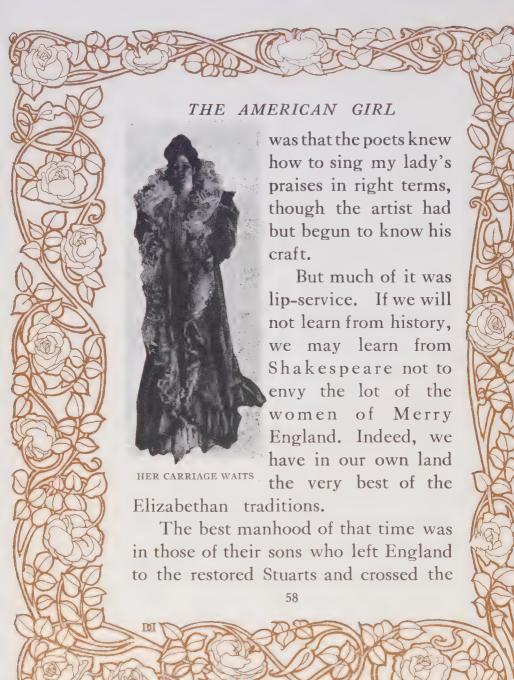


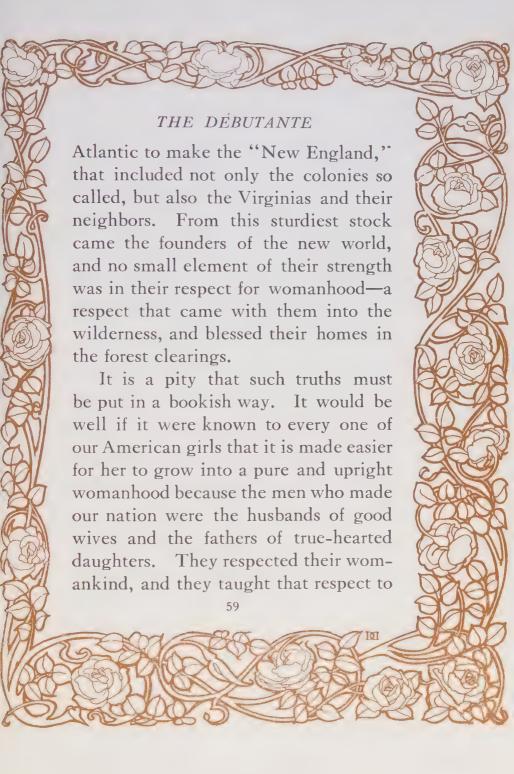


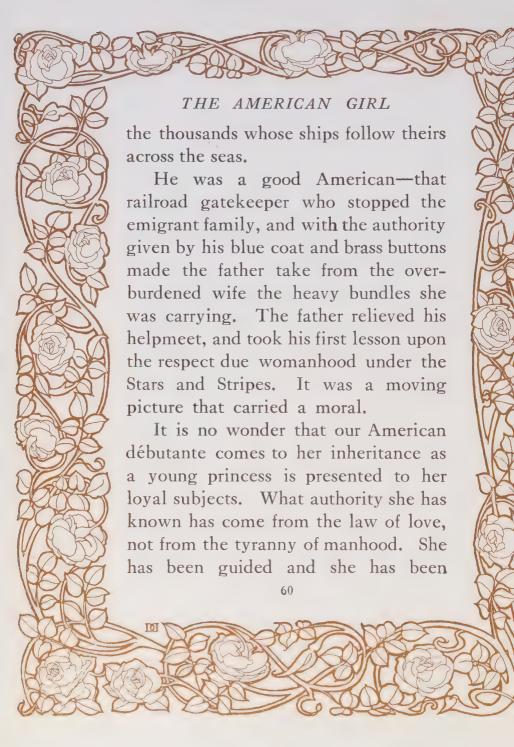
younger sister, the rightful heiress to the throne.

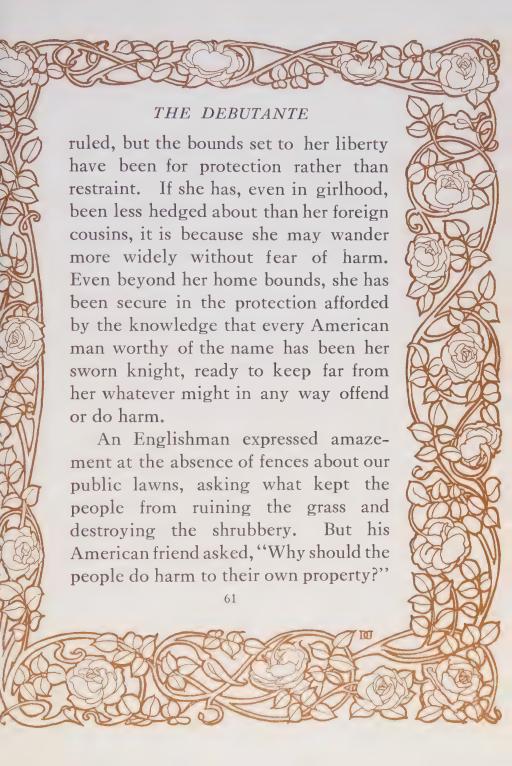
But these old-time débutantes cut no figure in the minds of our American belles. They look forward. The schoolbooks with their dry annals of the past

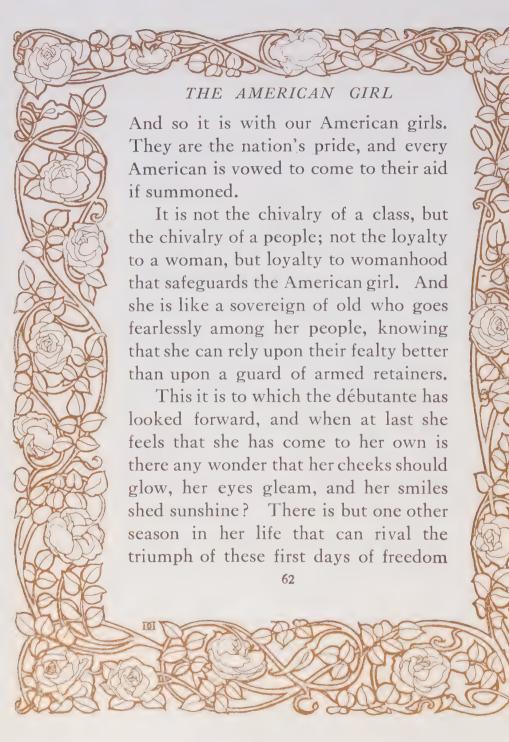


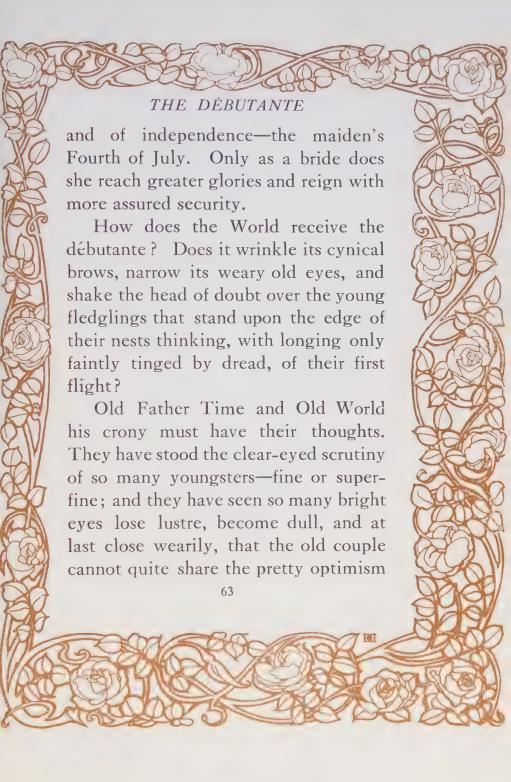


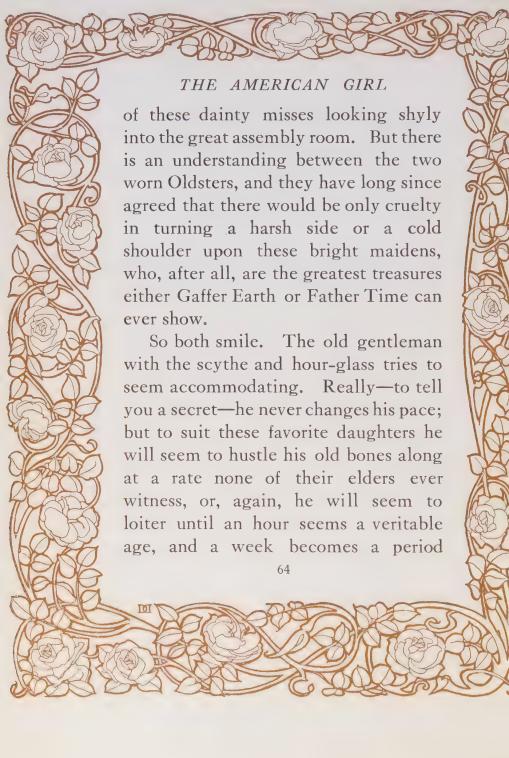














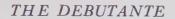
THE GOLF GIRL







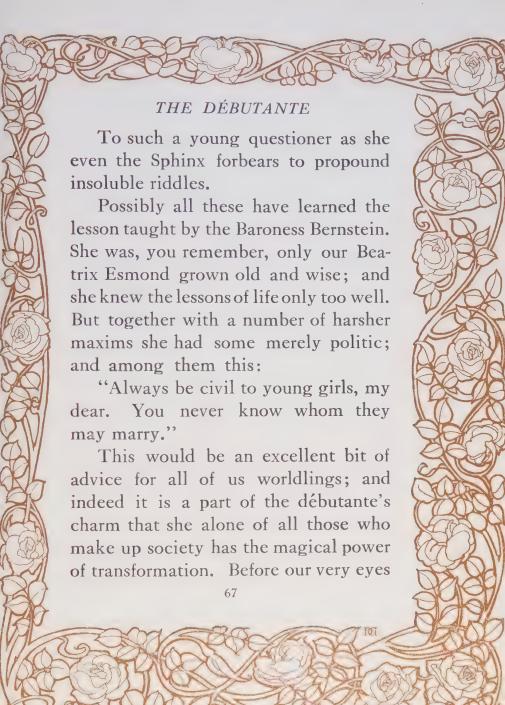
ON THE BEACH

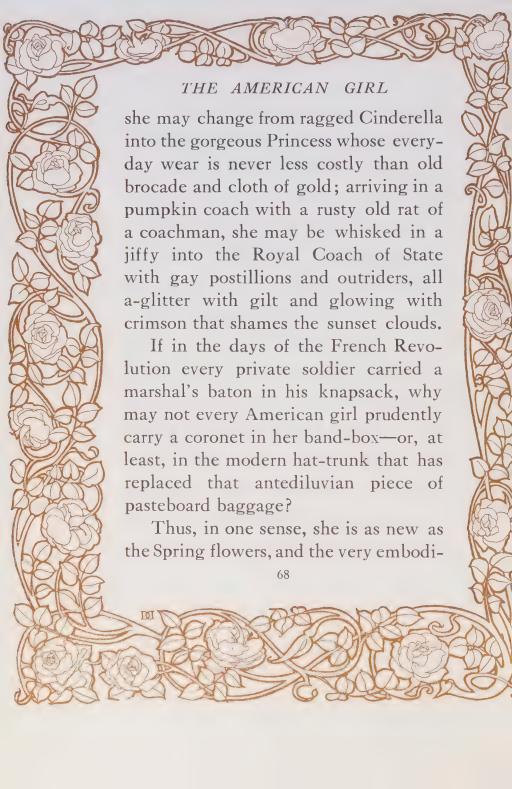


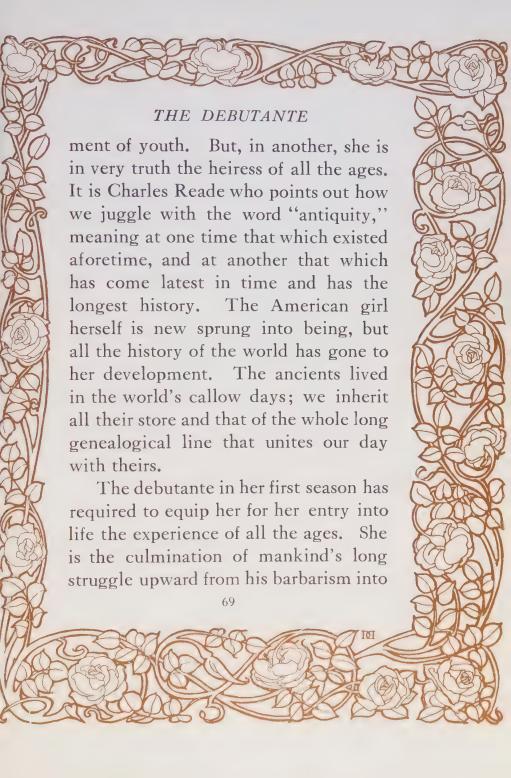
neither end of which is visible from the middle.

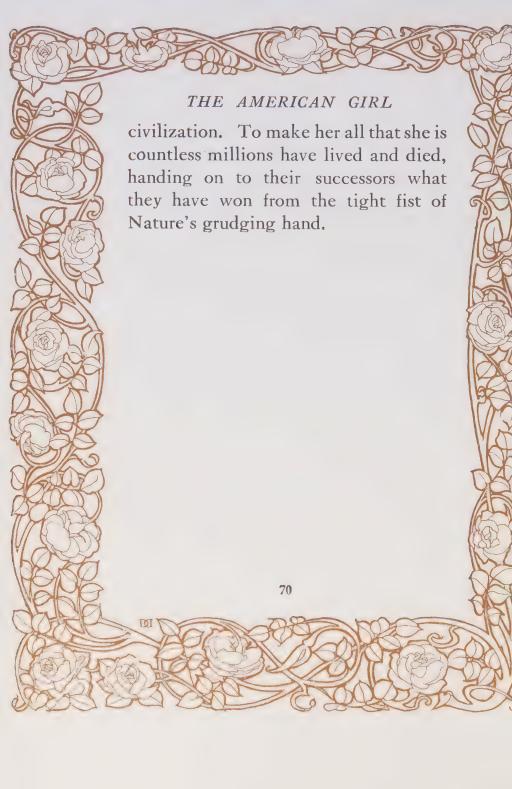
Sly as is Father Time, his co-conspirator is no whit behind in guileful benevolence. By a curious magic akin to alchemy he can transmute all his outward semblance into at least the glitter of gold; by an art that puts to shame the best efforts of the cosmeticians he can sweep from his forehead the furrows of trouble and care. So it is that the fair young miss sees nothing to justify the evil reputation of the two old gentlemen against whom the rest of us cherish so many grudges. Her smiles are reflected upon their aged masks and so she reads nothing of their guile and guilt. They are like two old patriarchs who sit for their portraits, trying to "look pleasant."







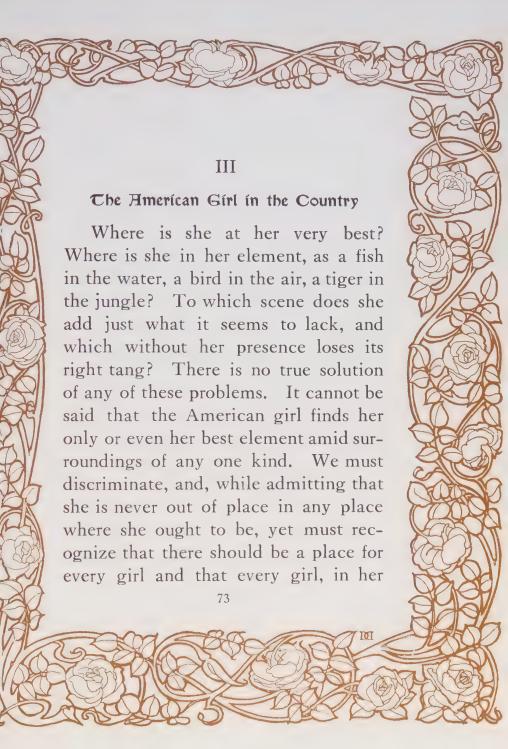


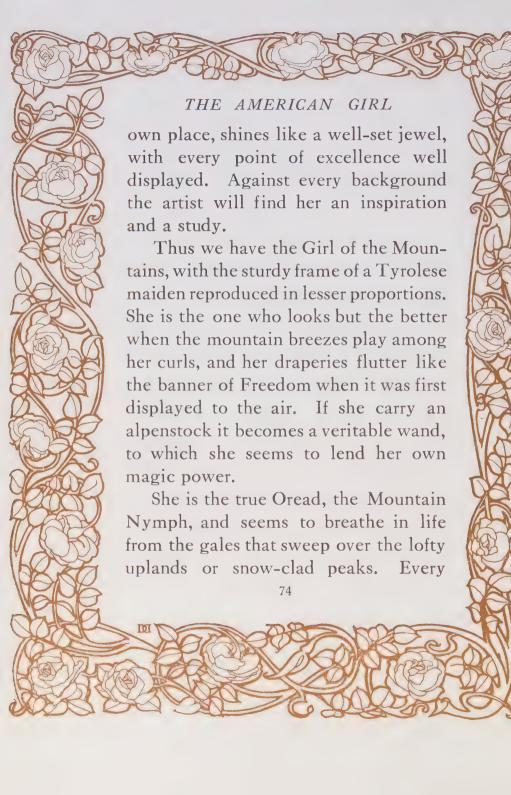


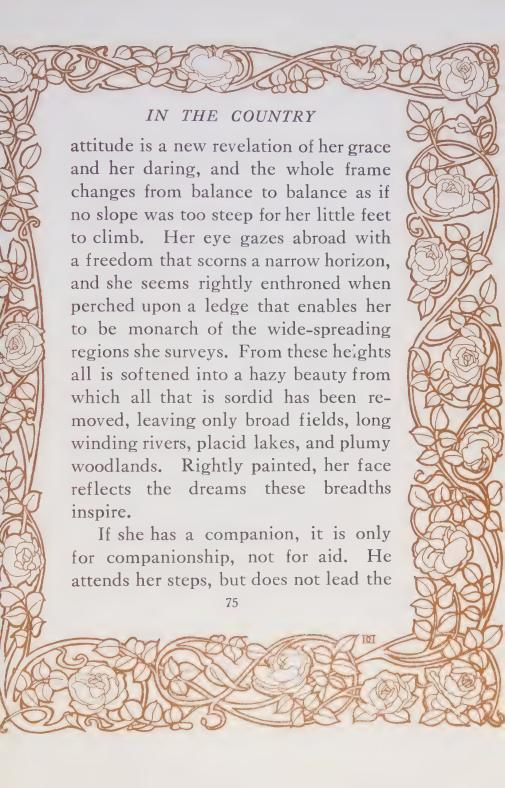


THE AMERICAN GIRL IN THE COUNTRY

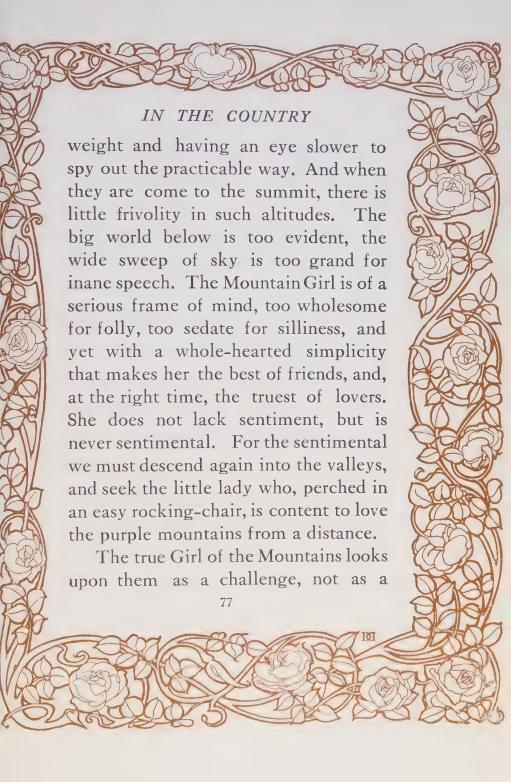


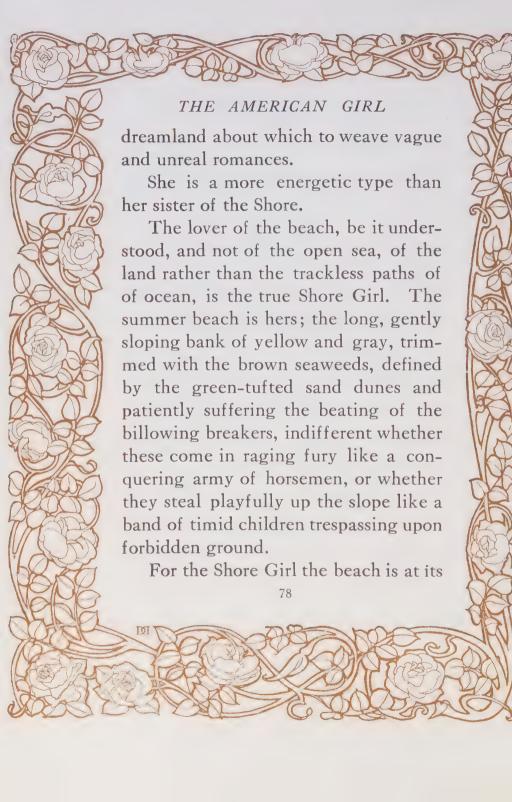








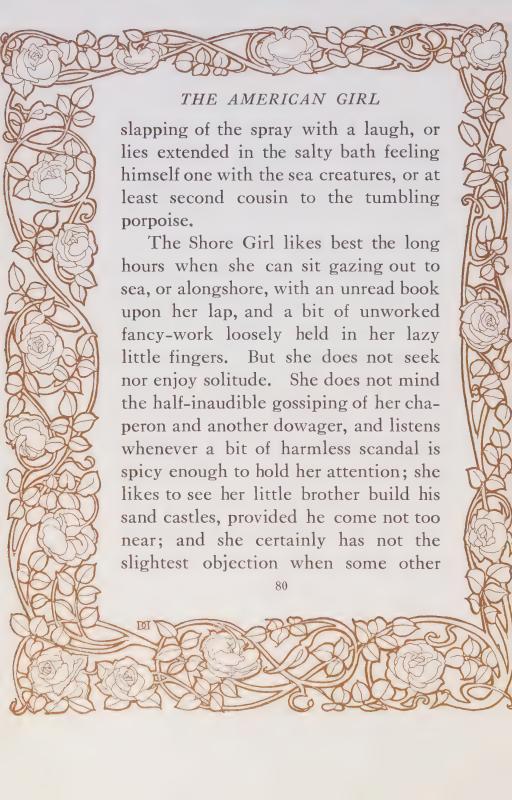


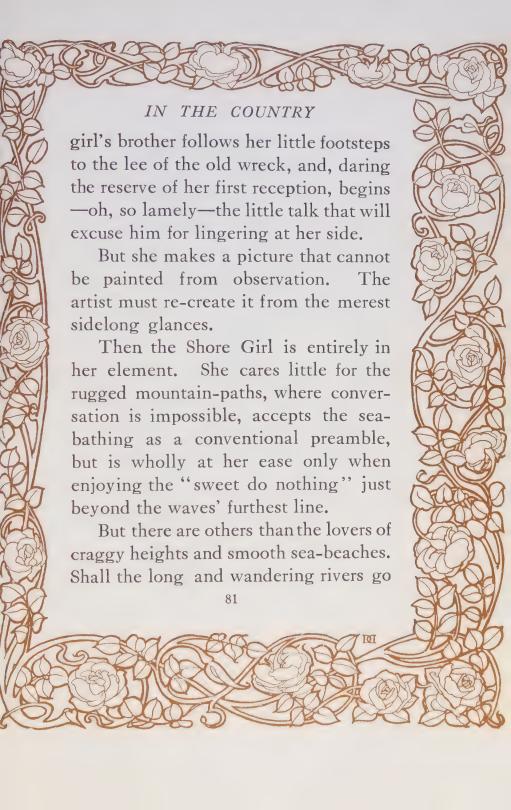




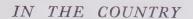
best in the long days of summer, when the sea breeze comes steadily in, the breakers roll in regular succession, the clouds drift slowly by, and the warm rays of the sun seem to permeate like a mild old wine, strengthening, warming, slightly stimulating, but soothing even more than they excite. These are for her the halcyon days.

She may claim a love of surf-bathing, and certainly appears each day at the bathing-hour arrayed for a meeting with Father Neptune. But the embraces of that rather unceremonious old salt are rather less caressing than boisterous, and she seems glad enough to retire to her own domain, well beyond his reaching foamy fingers. Surely she has not the eagerness of the strong swimmer who darts through the waves, greets the



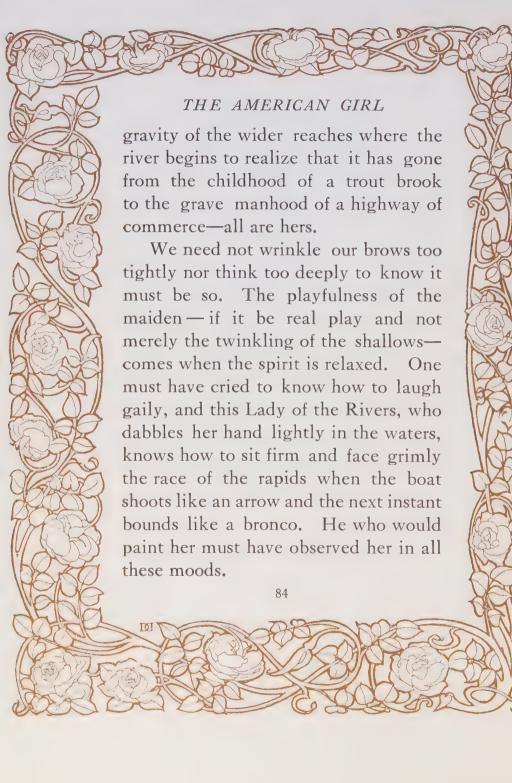


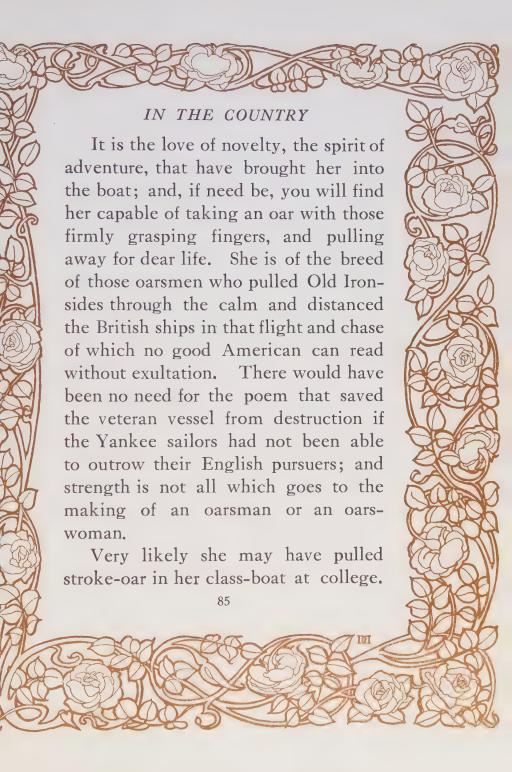


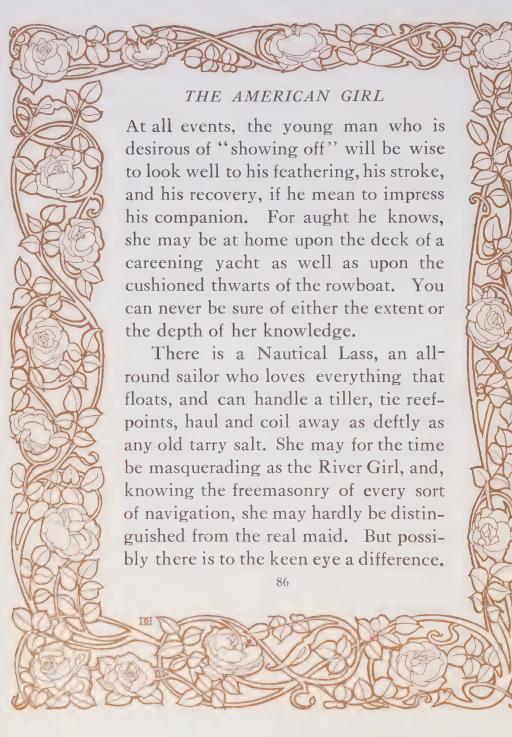


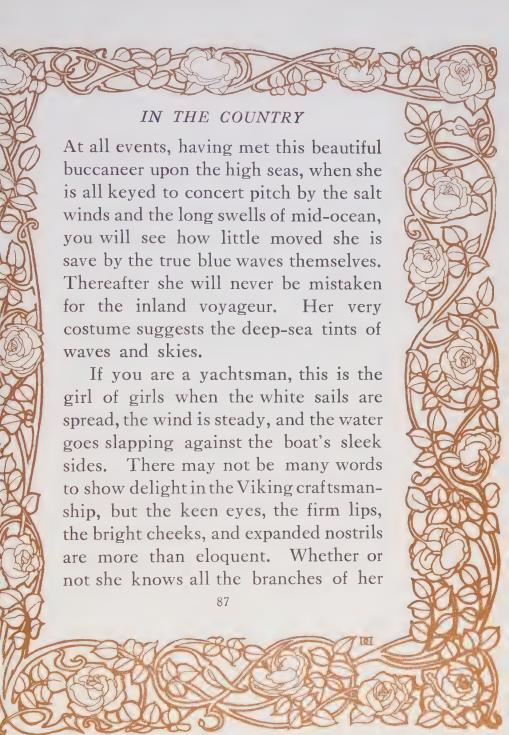
their way to the ocean, and never glow with the reflection of a smiling maiden's face, or glitter with the light of her eyes? The question is put, of course, only that we may reply with a heartfelt "No—oh, no!" after the manner of poets and emotional dramas. The débutante is not the only one who goes down to the sea in ships or leans gracefully over the side of a rowboat to dabble her pink finger-tips in the water—to the ill-concealed impatience of her escort as he leans well over to the other side so that she may not take a sudden "header."

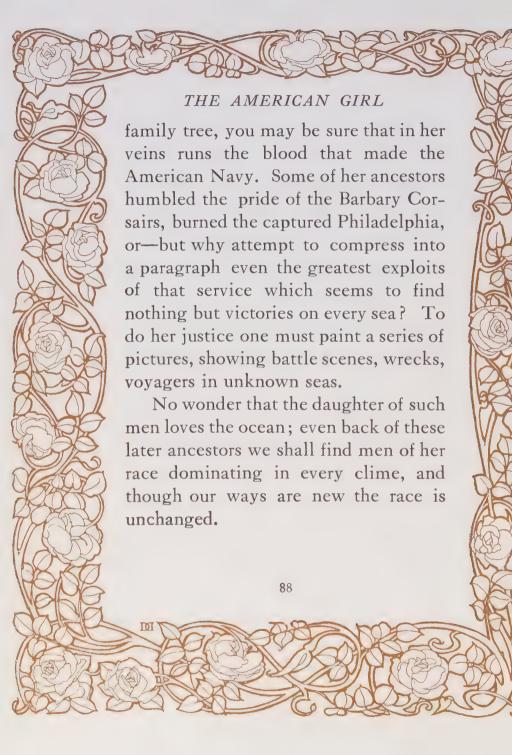
For my little Lady of the Rivers, like her native element, is a sportive imp; she loves the play and the dash, the turn and the sparkle, the sudden rush of the rapids, and then the sedate







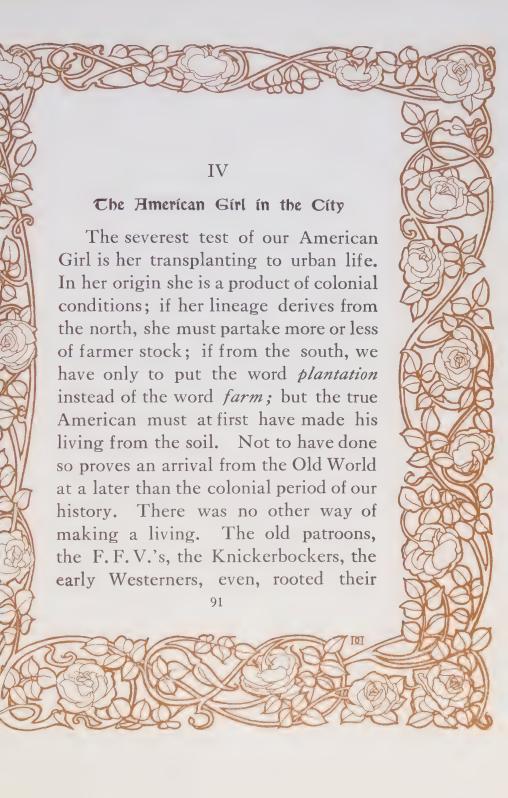


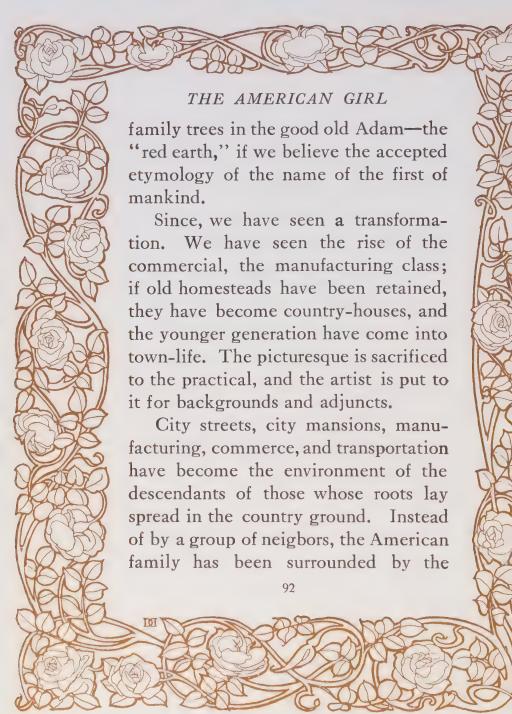


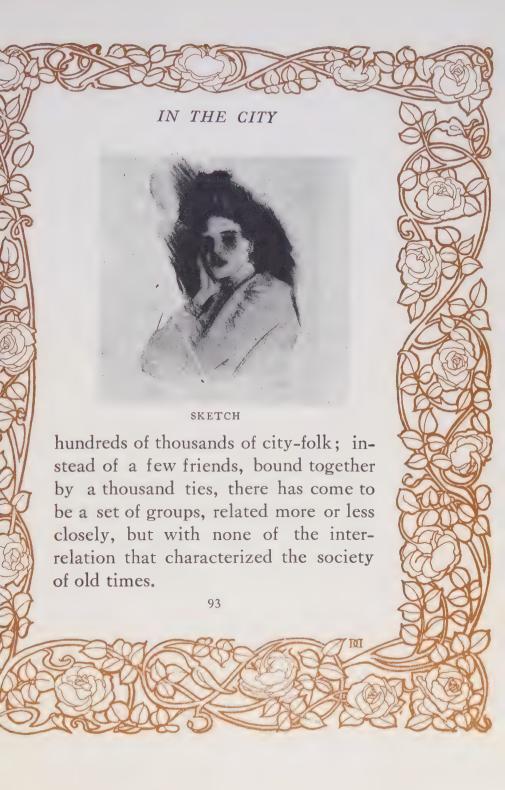


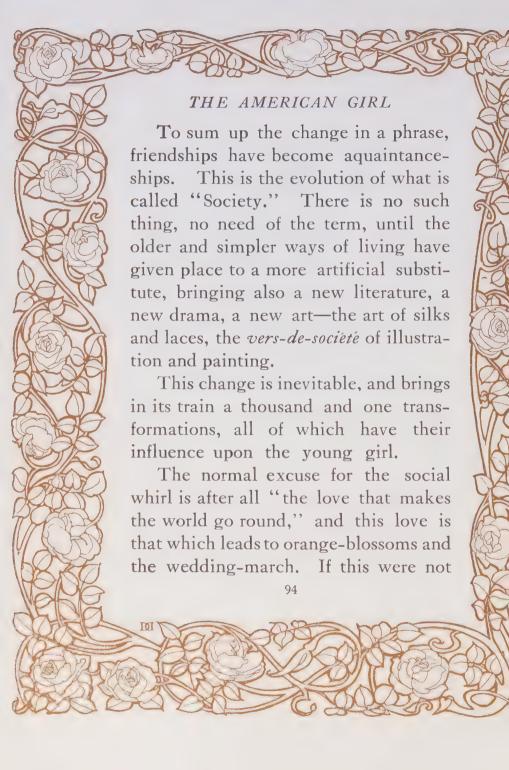
THE AMERICAN GIRL IN THE CITY

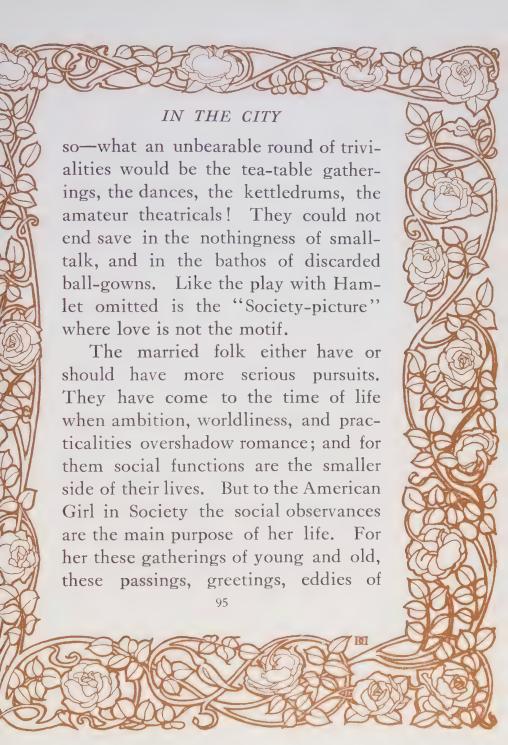


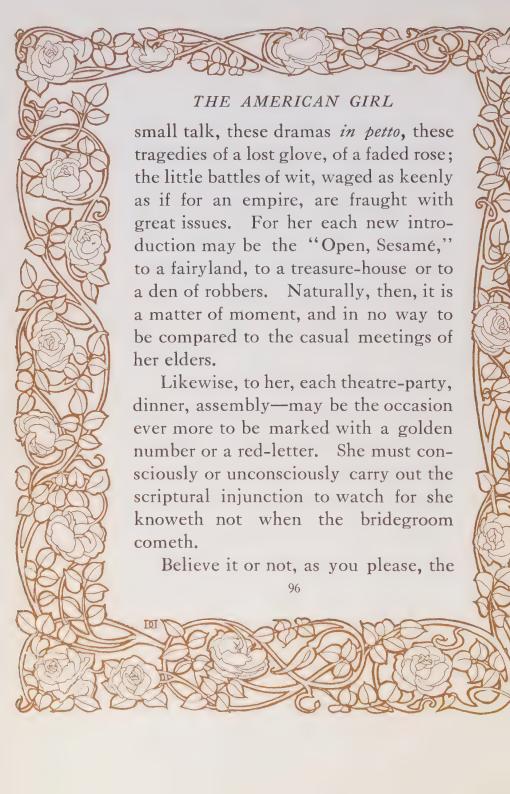






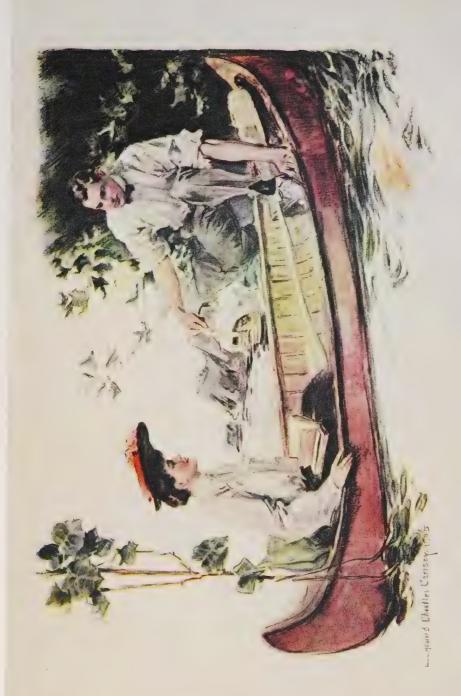








GATHERING ARBUTUS

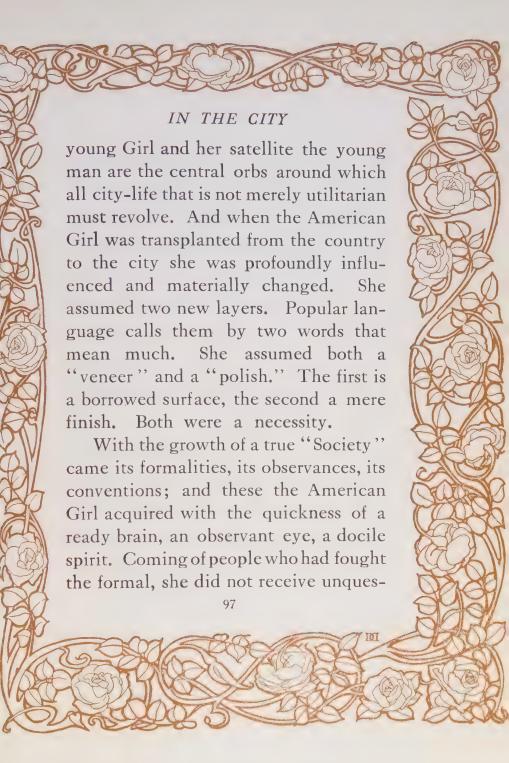


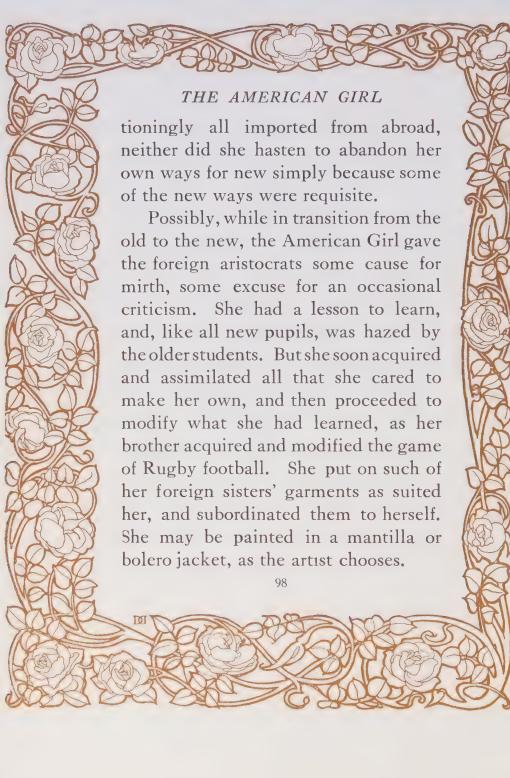
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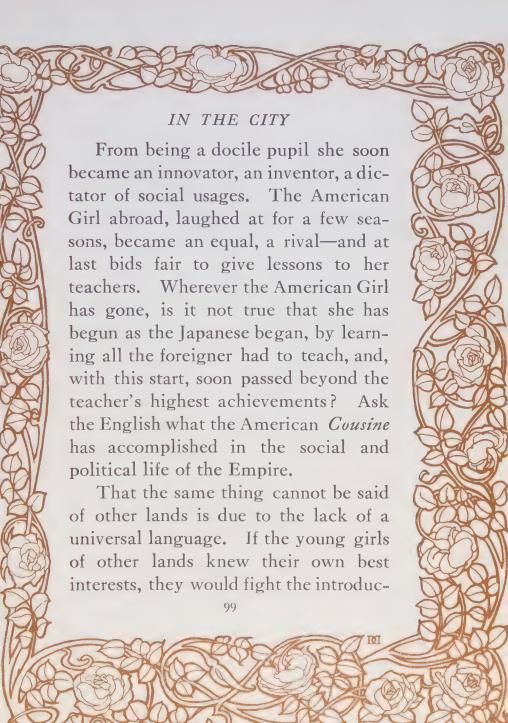


AT THE THEATRE

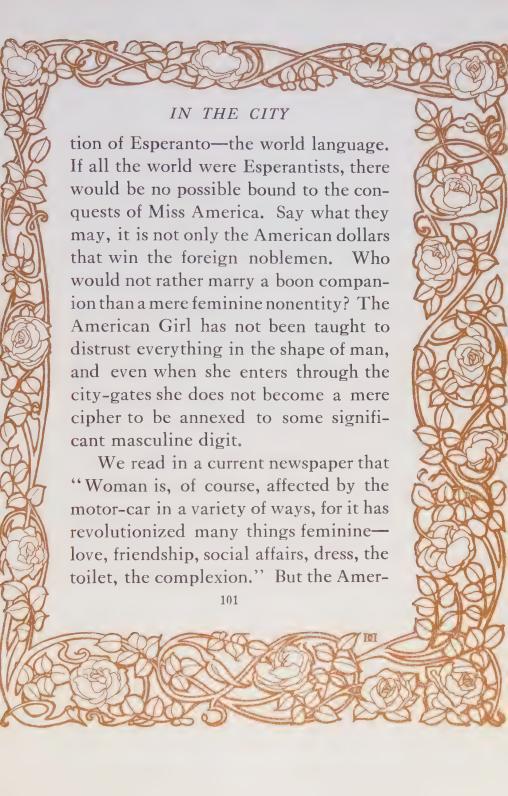


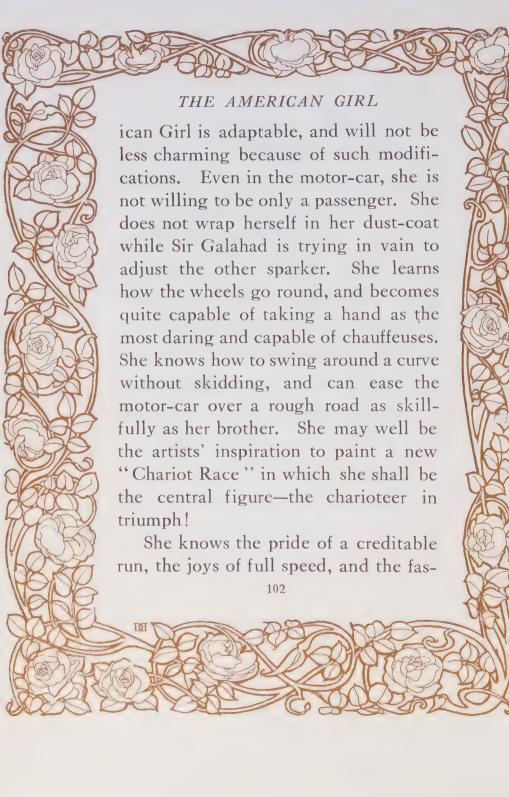




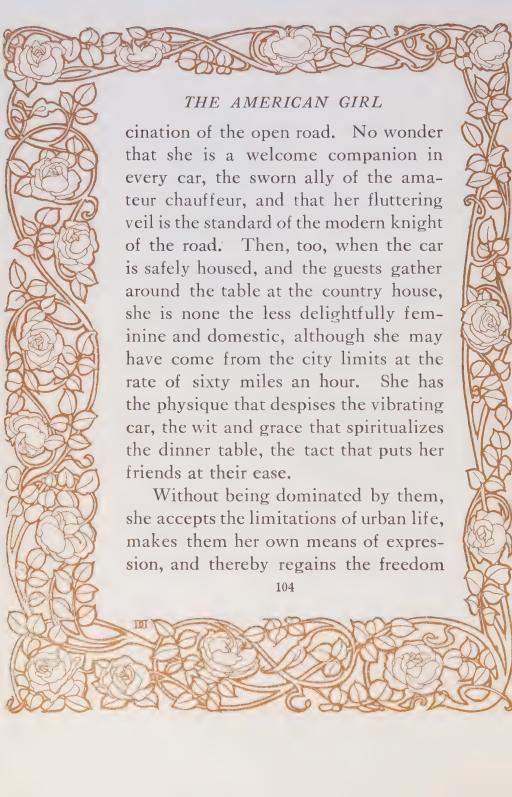


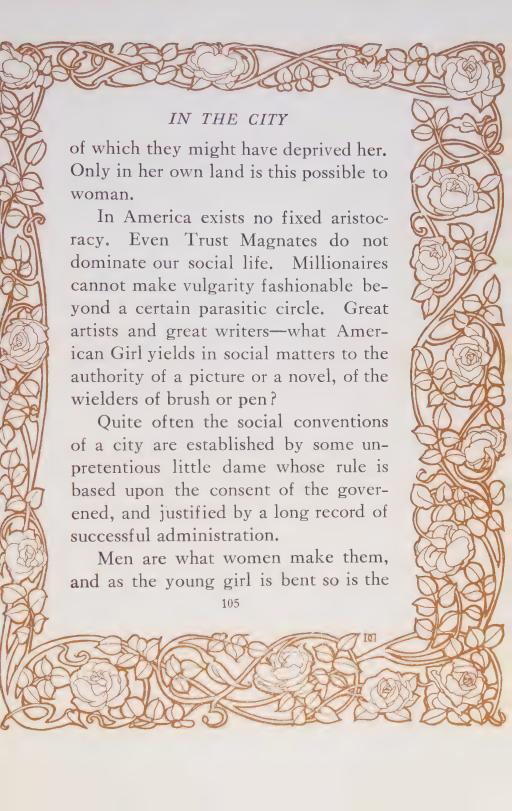


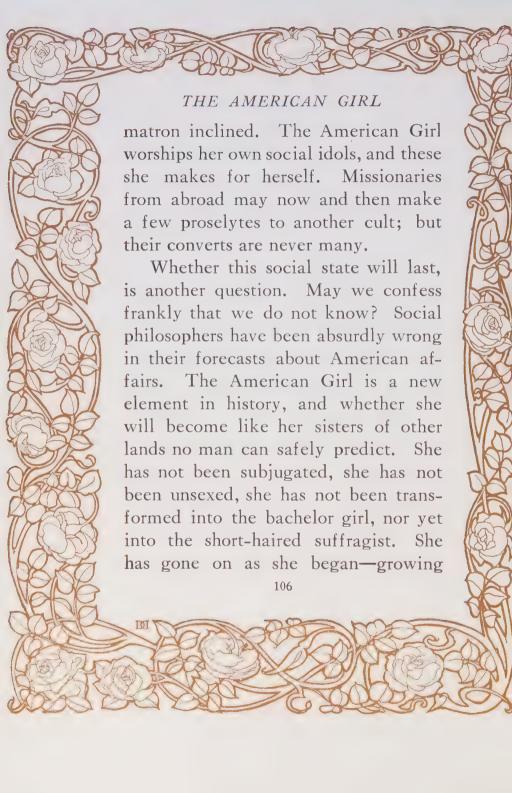


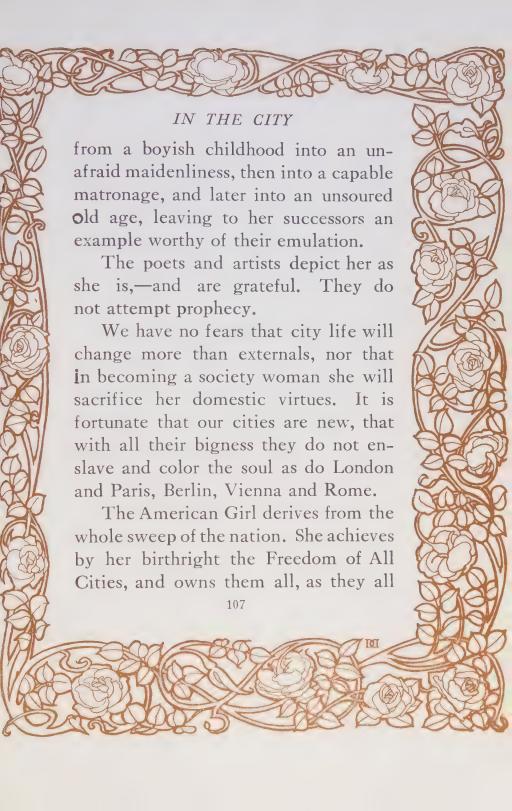


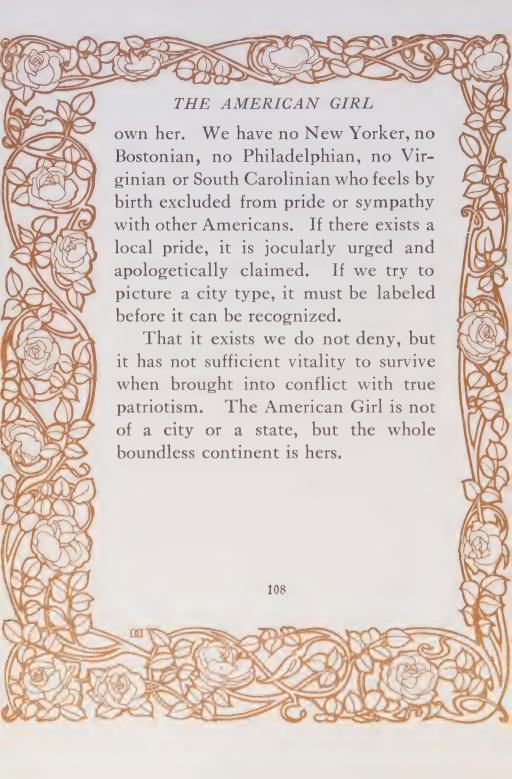








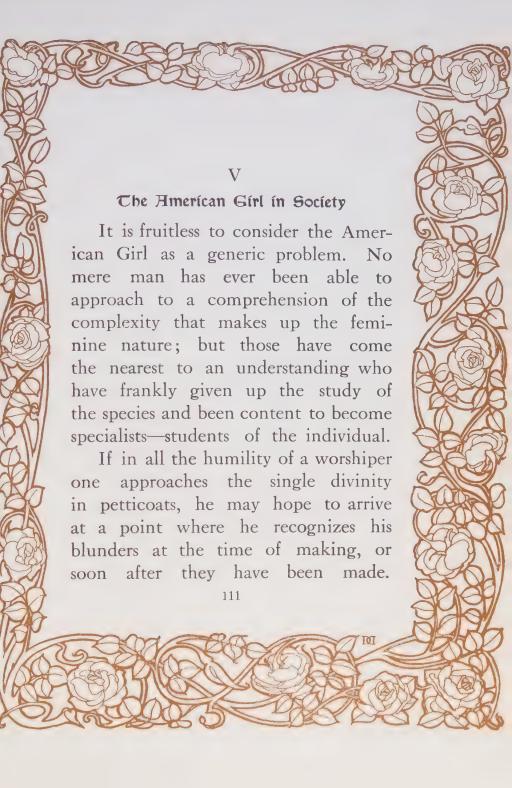


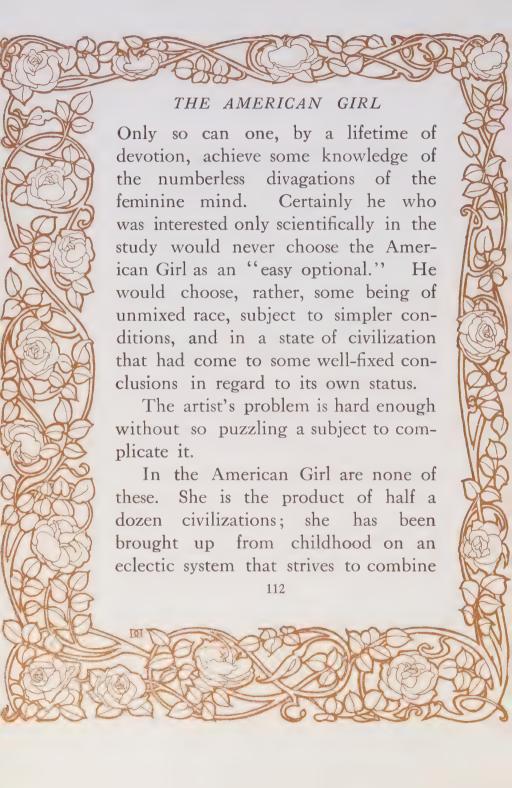


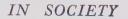


THE AMERICAN GIRL IN SOCIETY







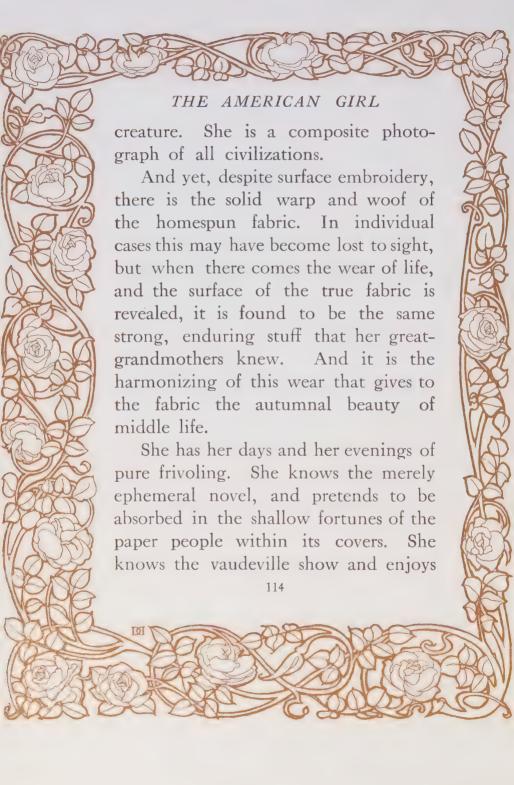


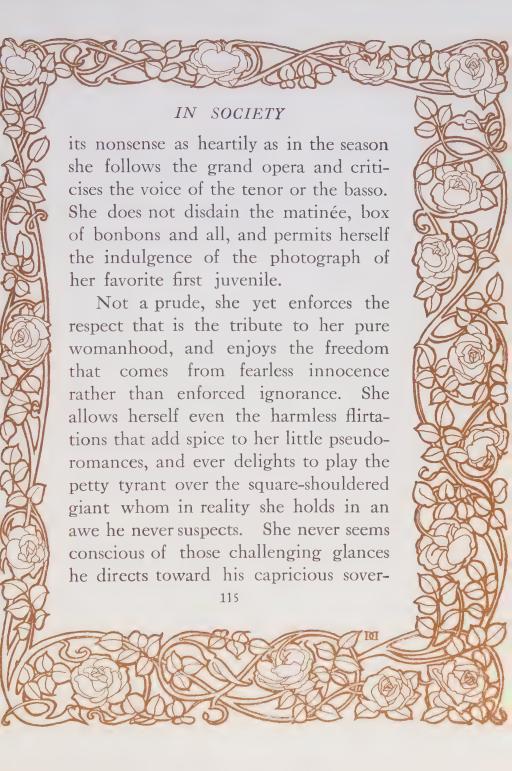
the best features of all, and -one may well wonder whether she understands herself. What with German music, French art, English literature, Irish humor, Scotch theology, and Austrian etiquette —to say noth-

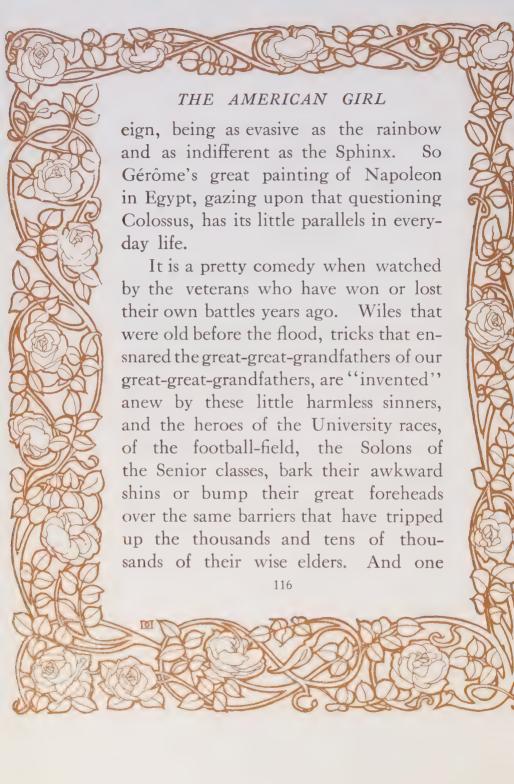


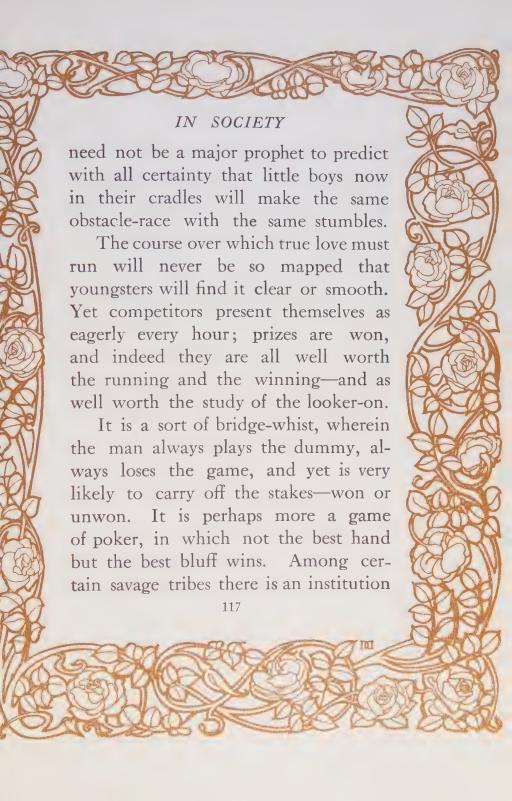
A SOCIETY GIRL

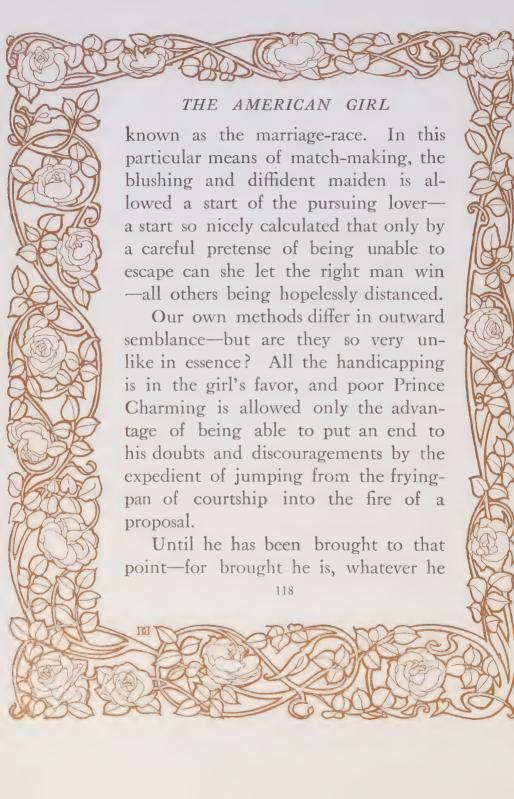
ing of Japanese physical culture and a touch of Hindu theosophy, it is a wonder that there is any trace of true native Americanism left in the fair

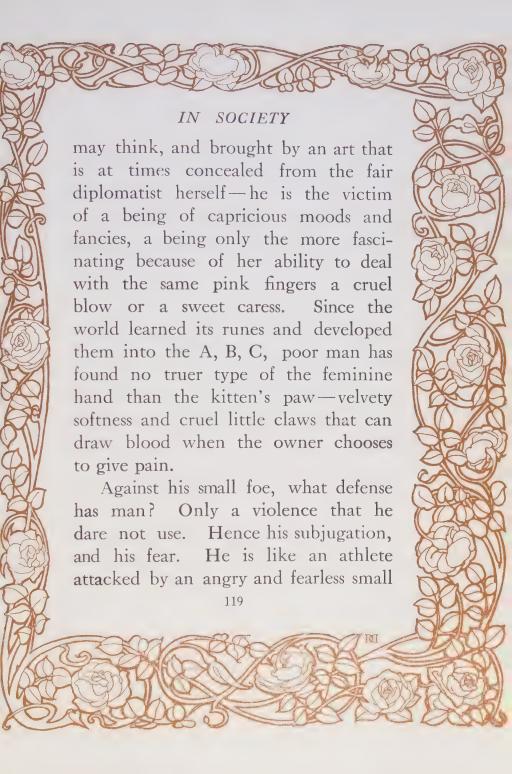


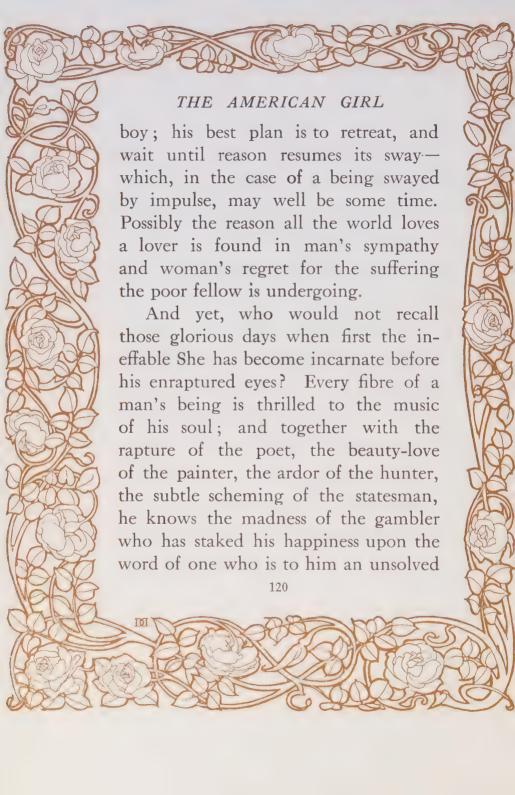


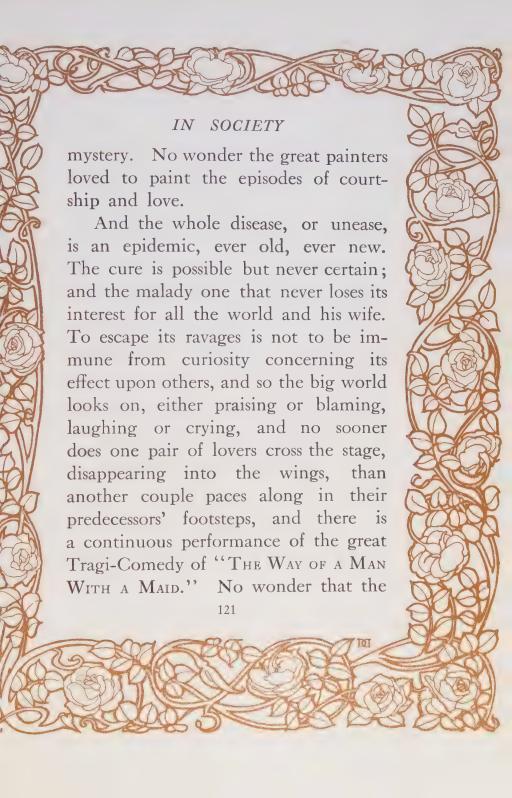


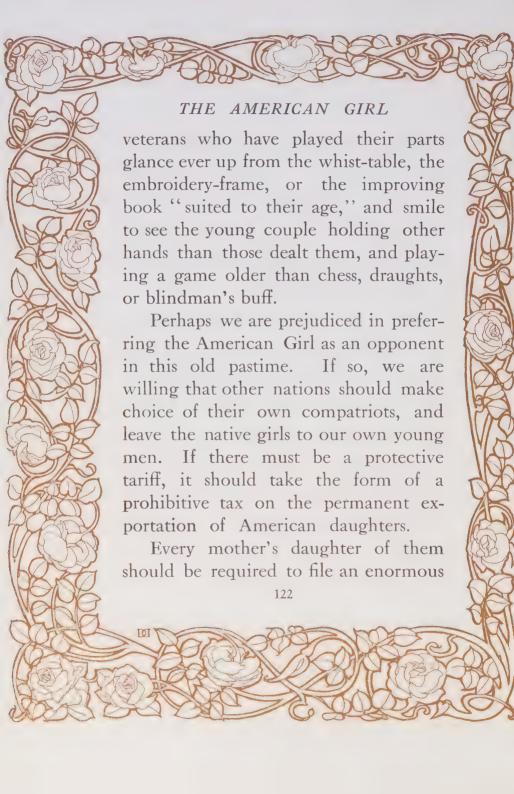


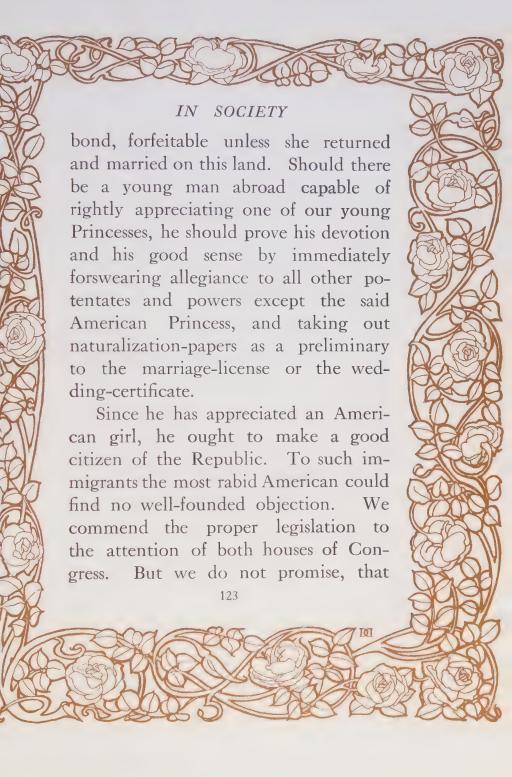


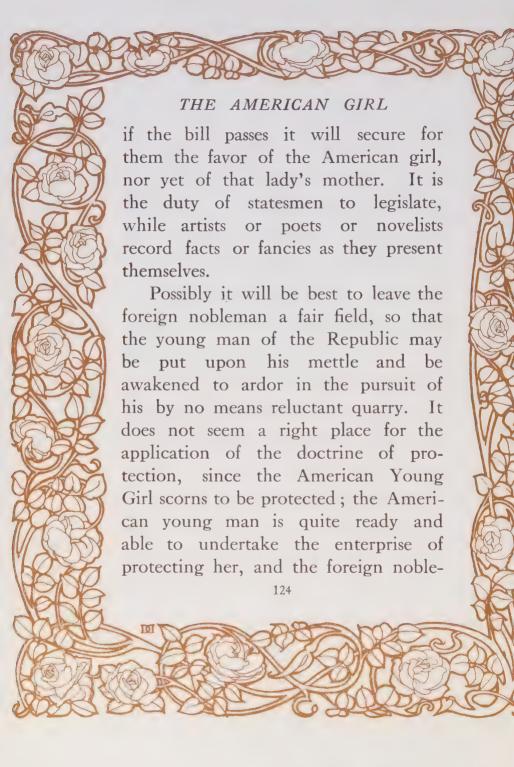


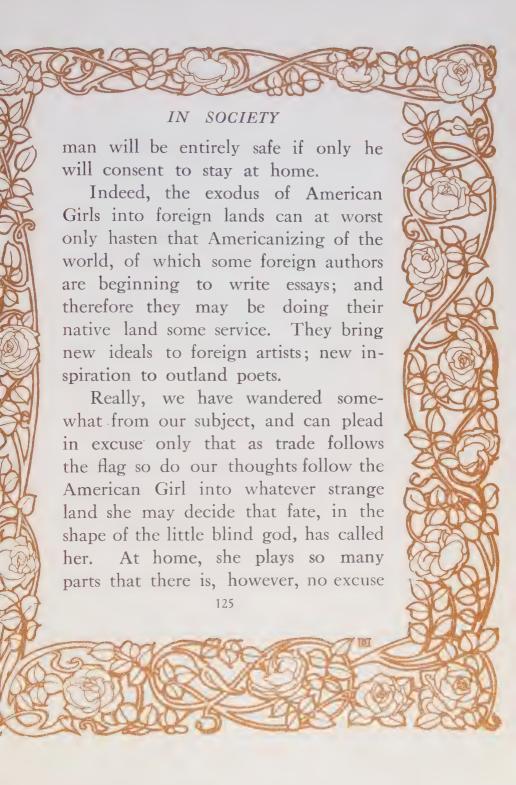




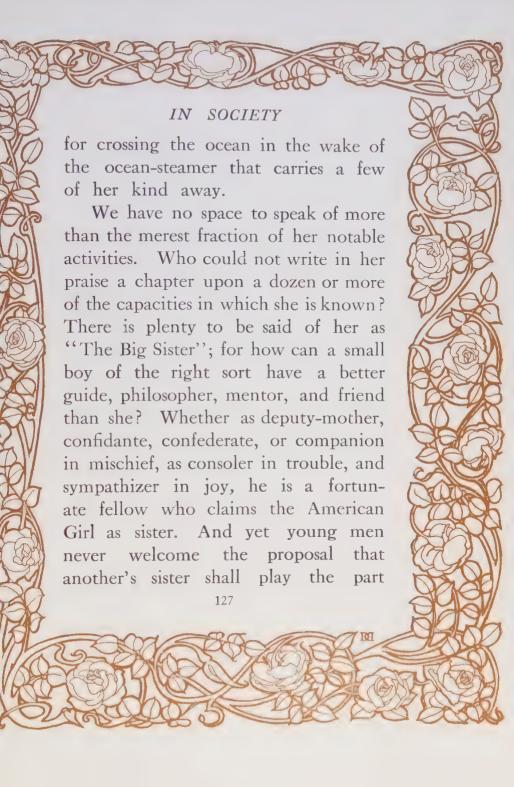


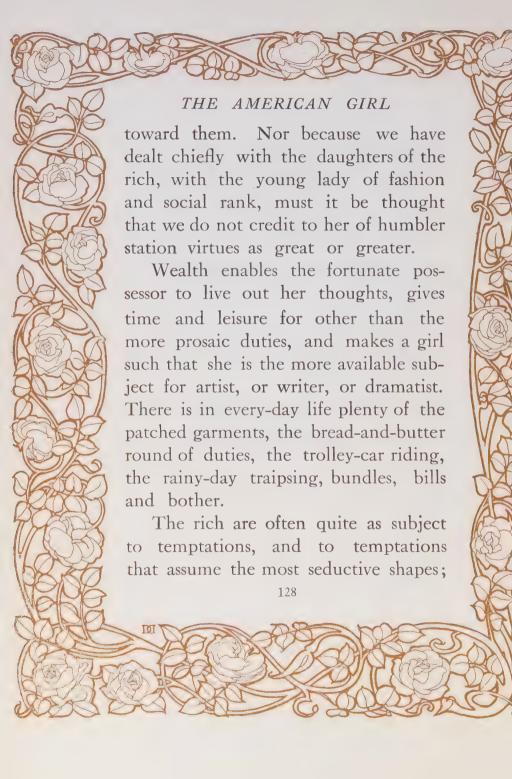














AT THE OPERA



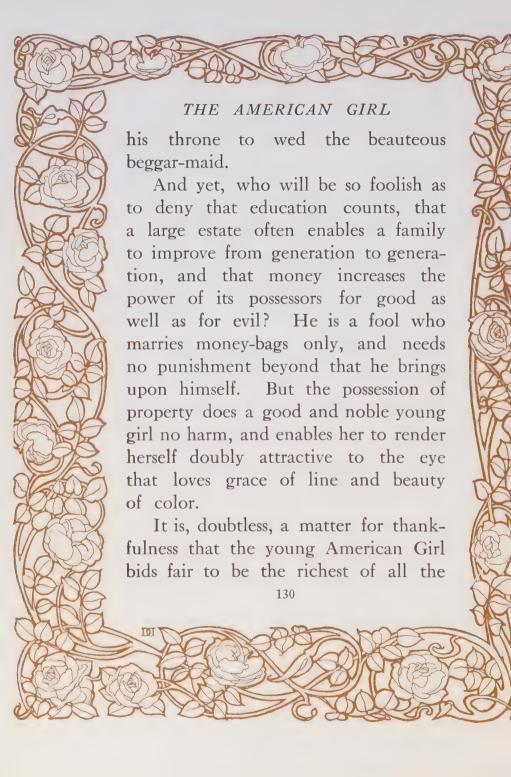


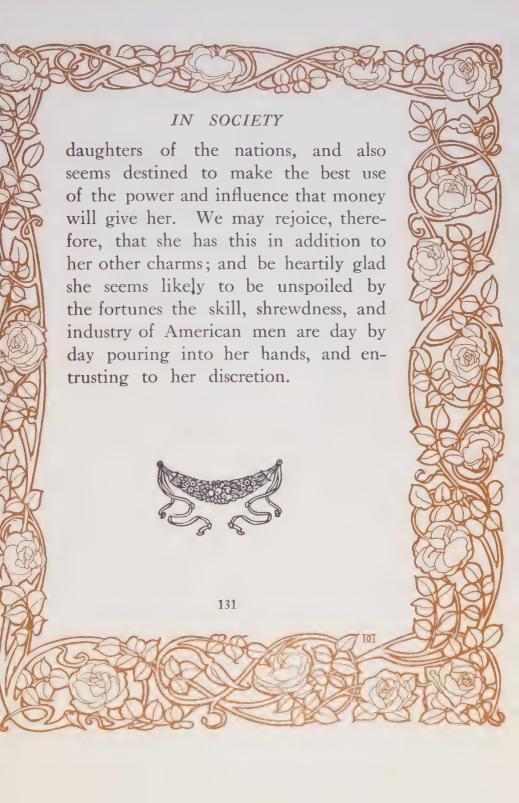




and if we can declare the rich American Girl sound and wholesome in her womanhood, we may be sure that this side of bitter poverty, of the poverty that forbids us to blame the poor creature whom it drives into wrong—we shall find the same high ideals, the same lovable character, the same (let us coin a word) "blessable" creature.

Fortunately neither goodness nor beauty are entirely dependent upon the amount of money a woman can command; graces of character are not paid as interest upon a balance at the banker's; wit, humor, and intellect are independent of income, and it is not only in poems that the rich young man holds the mistletoe above the head of Miss Nothing-a-Year, or that King Cophetua steps down from

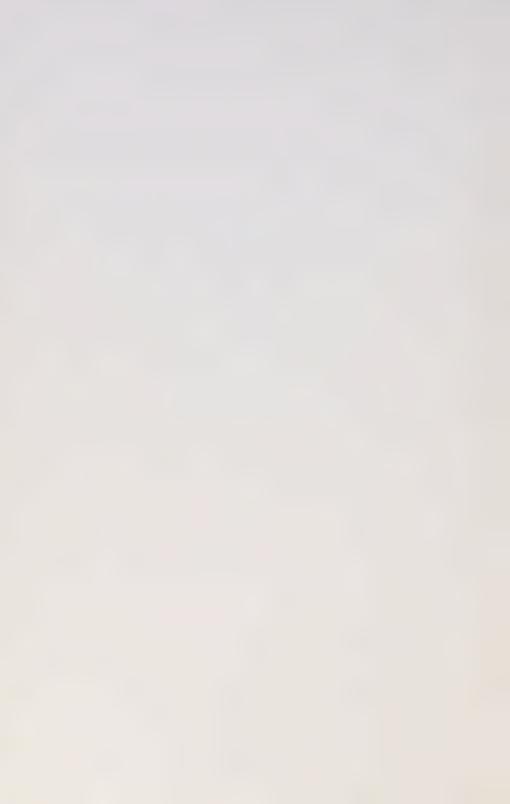


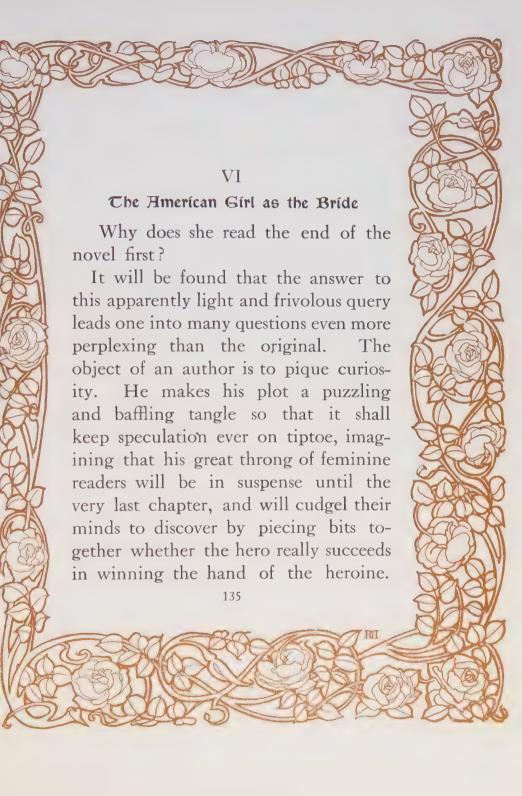


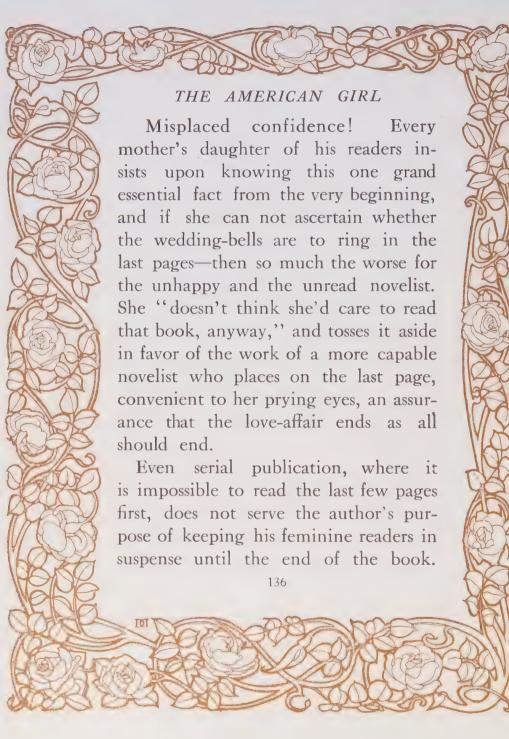


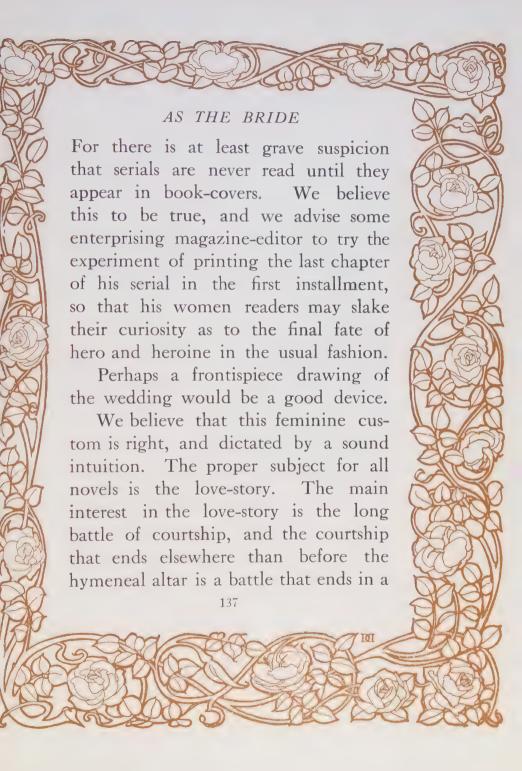


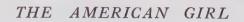
THE AMERICAN GIRL AS THE BRIDE









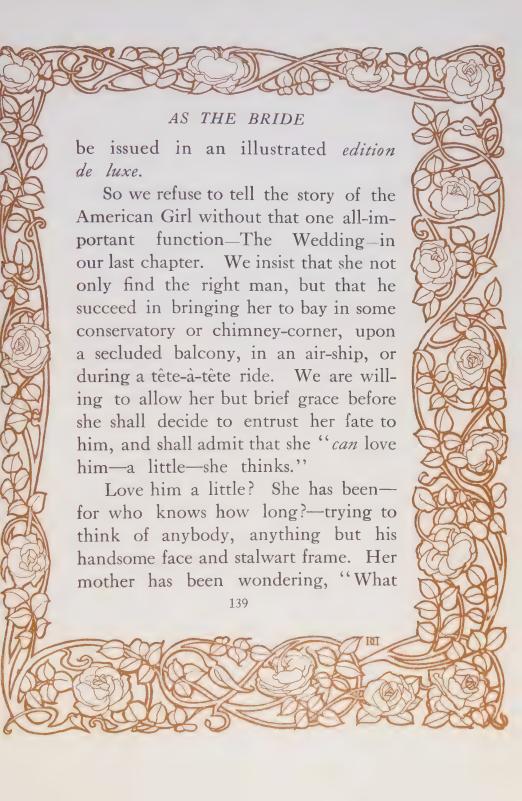


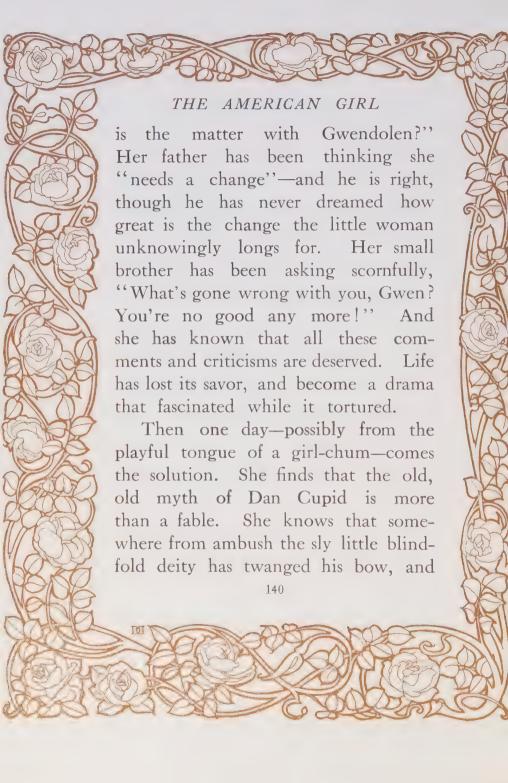
retreat of both armies. It is a game of chess ending in a draw. It is a nine-in-

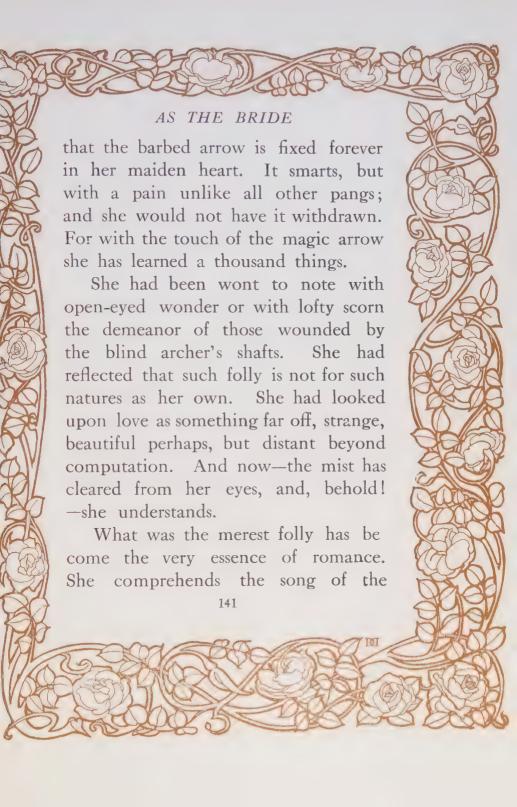


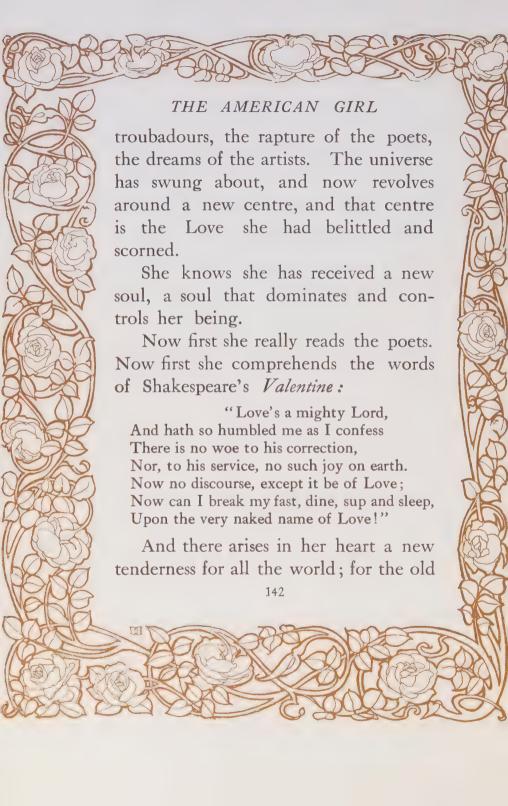
THE TRAVELED GIRL

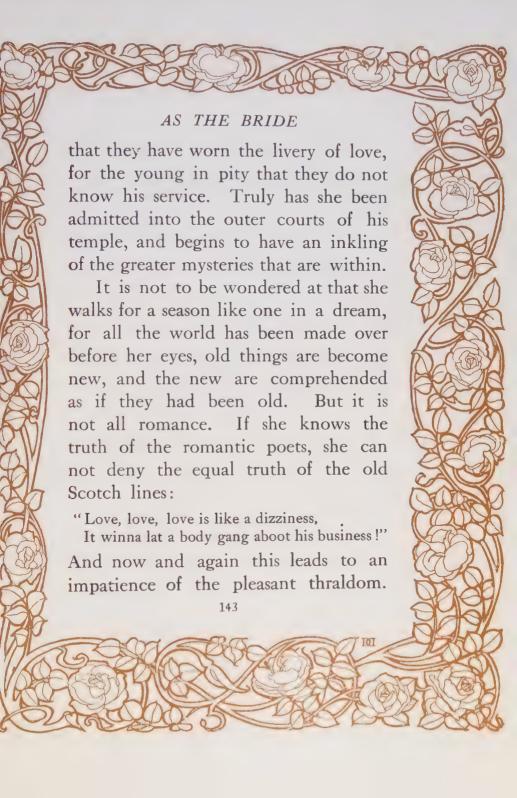
ning game called on account of darkness. It is a bout of football without a goal on either side. In other words, it is foolishness; and a novel without the scene where she capitulates and gladly lays down her head upon his manly shoulder is no more than an empty babblement of vain words deserving never to

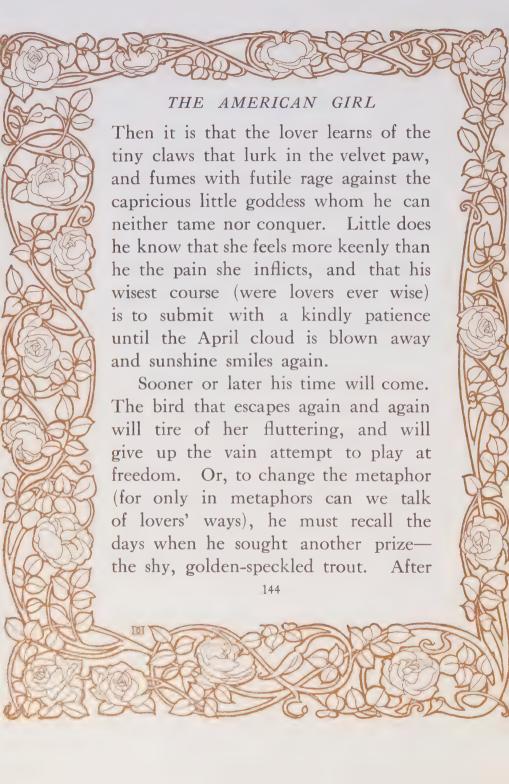


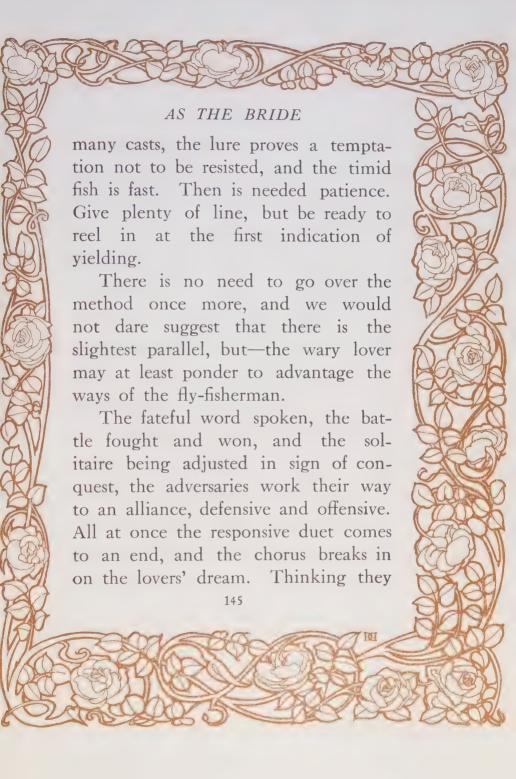


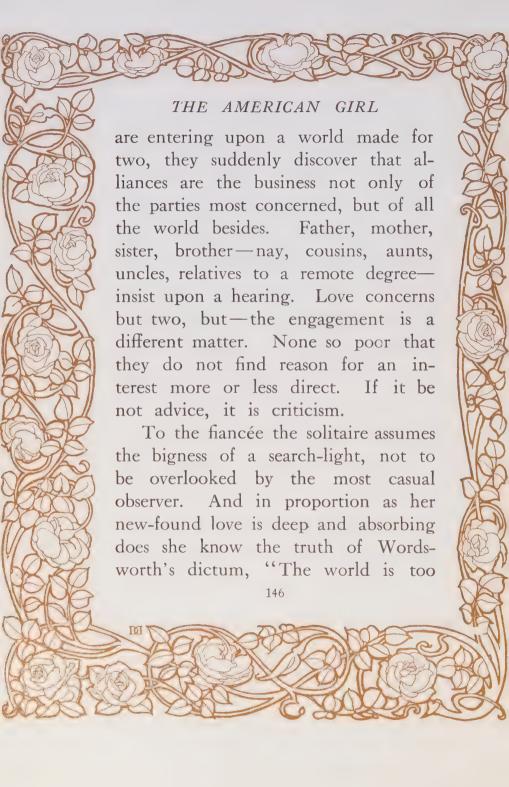


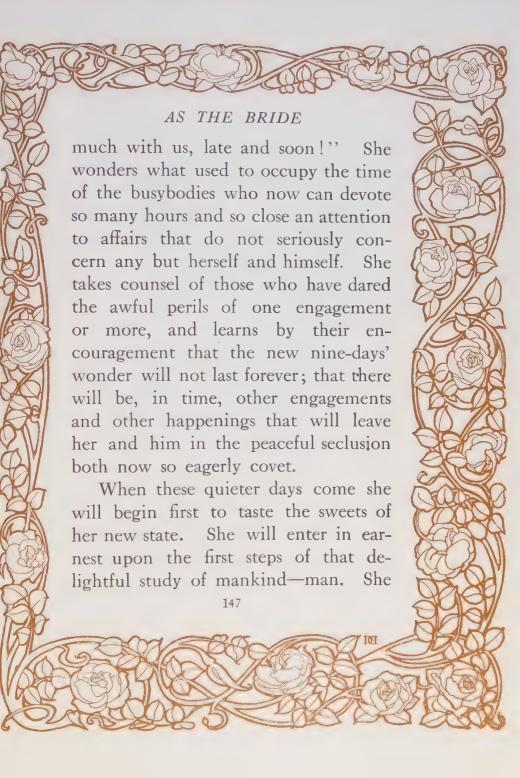




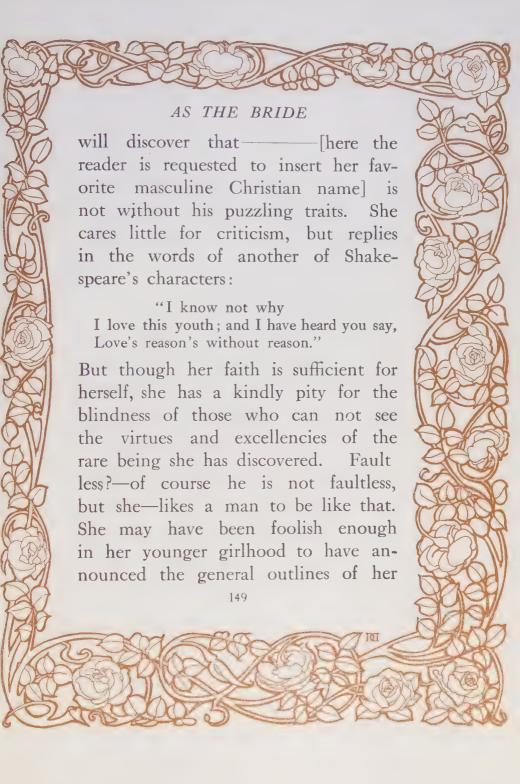


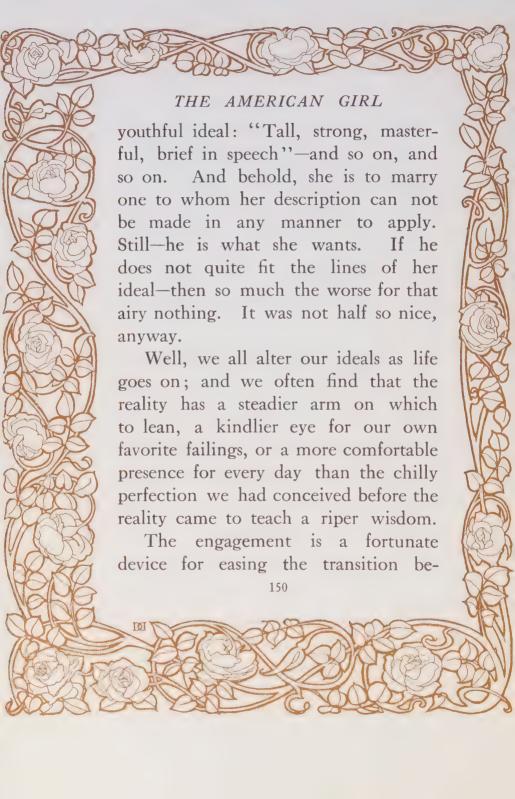


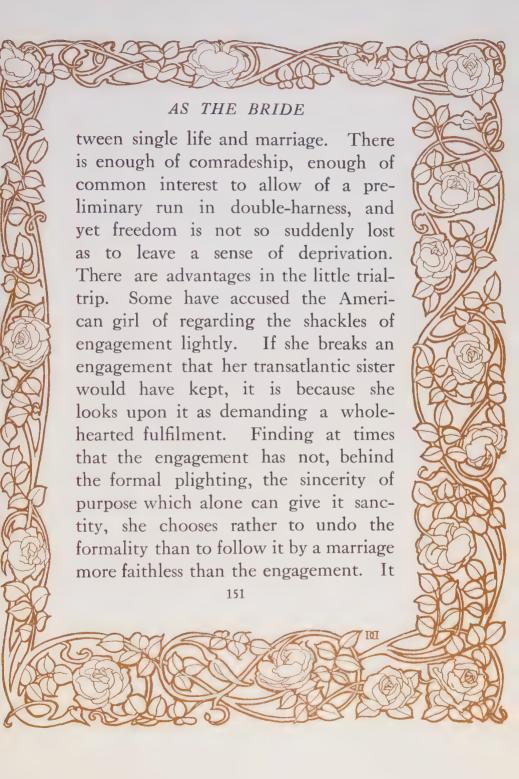


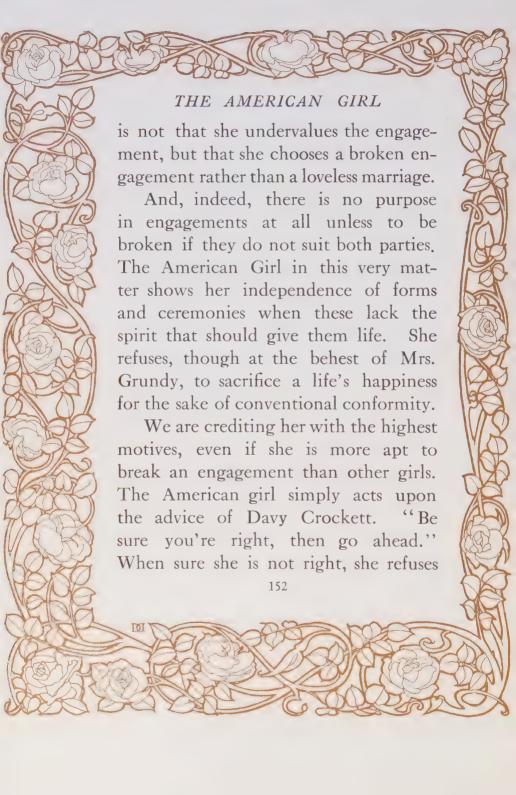


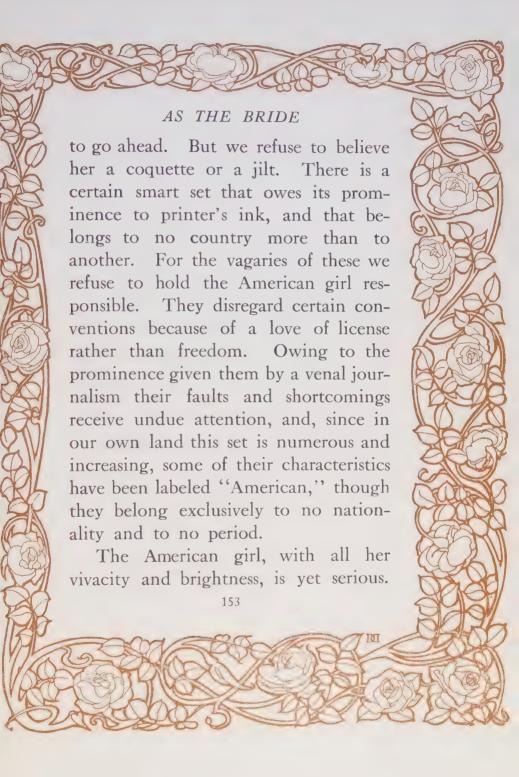


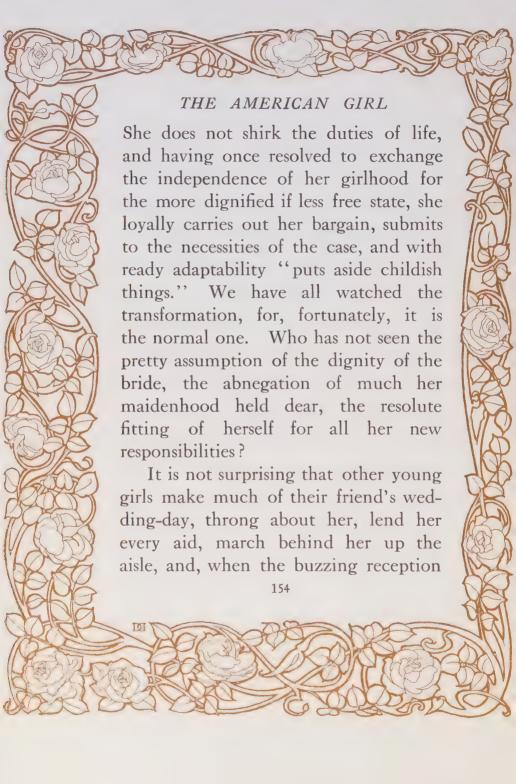


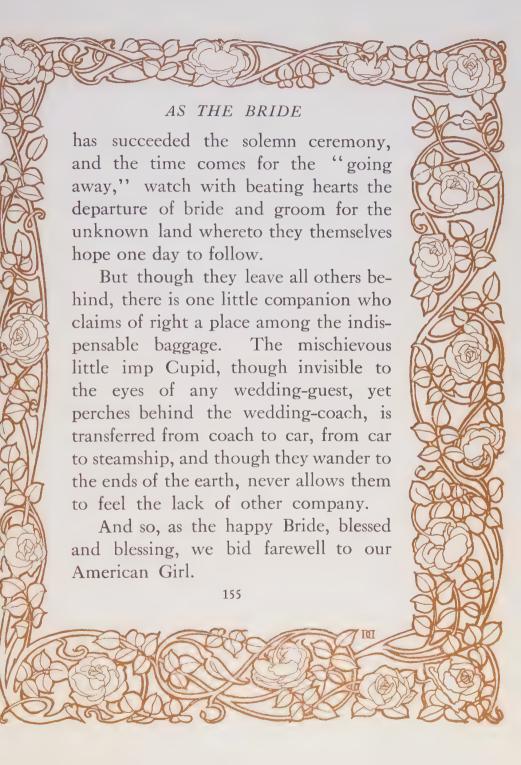


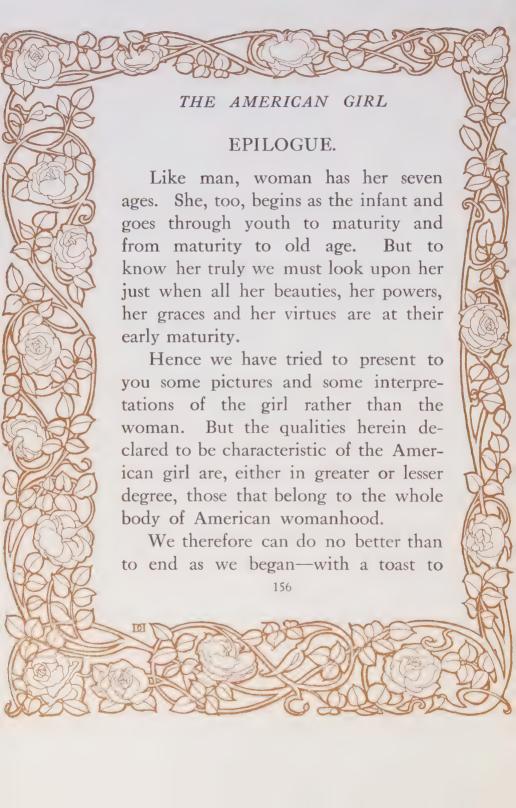


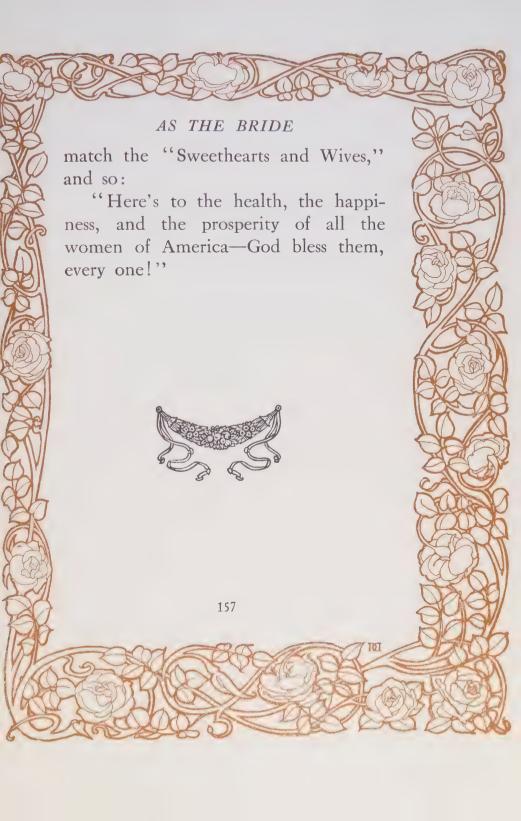


















THE AMERICAN GIRL

by Howard Chandler Christy

Here is a nostalgic portrait of the American woman of 1906—"bonne camerade, true friend, and lady born and bred, the best of daughters, sisters, lovers, and wives." As cossetted as she seems to us today, the American lass was allowed more power and authority than her sisters in England and Germany, and she enjoyed an independent nature unheard of in France or Italy.

She is captured here in the words, pictures, and rose-colored view of Howard Chandler Christy, one of the foremost illustrators of this century. We are offered a lighthearted but loving glimpse of America's New Woman, emerging from the Victorian era into the Age of Technology. Yet, for all her independence, she was a flirtatious young thing, eagerly and loyally stepping into the gentle—and inevitable—bonds of matrimony. In this fairytale time for the middle-class woman, the whirl of dances, dinners and parties effectively insulated her from the contemporary world of aging empires and burgeoning cartels.

Christy's American Girl, unmatched in her innocence, knew that charm was her greatest asset and wit her principal tool in playing the game of courtship—the sole road to that end she desired most, the only end she could desire: a proper marriage. In her, an ethereal spirit once visited our earth, never to return. Let us enjoy her now in a nostalgic flashback, returning from the 1970's to a time when ice cream sundaes cost a dime, and when gentlemen bowed to their ladies—and married the American Girl.

To look at these drawings and read Christy's words is to photograph the world in soft focus. Things really looked that way once. Yet the American Girl is as distant from us now as Botticelli's Venus, and as lovely and remote, even though her time is only four generations removed from ours. Christy and Gibson never stopped extolling her, and Christy here is at his best, in love with his own vision of the American Girl.

Also available from Da Capo in a clothbound edition.

Cover Design by Joseph del Gaudio

